

THE NEW
WIDE AWAKE
FOURTH
READER

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No. Sample

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE
FOURTH READER

The New Wide Awake Series

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE JUNIOR

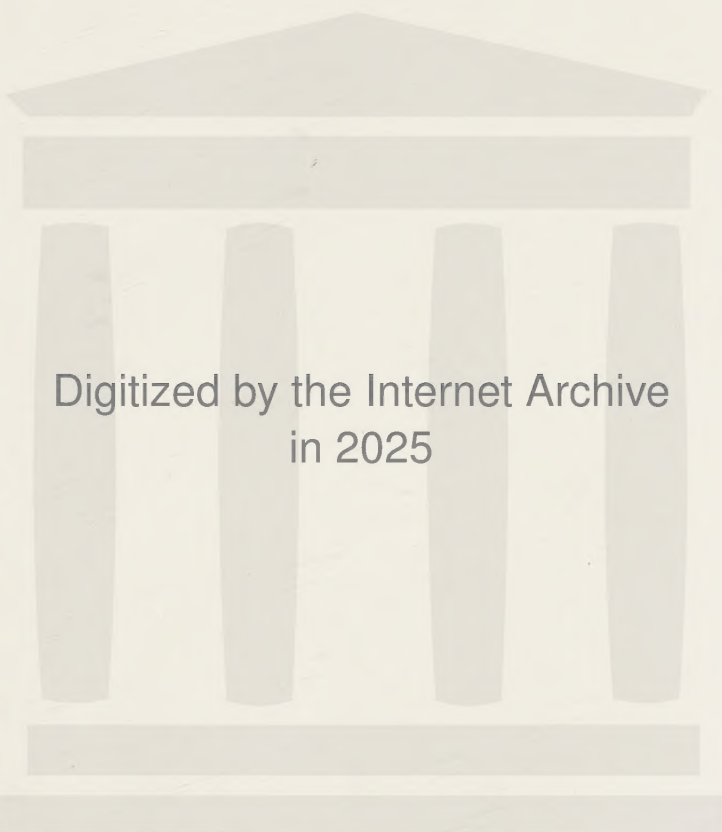
THE NEW WIDE AWAKE PRIMER

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE FIRST READER

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE SECOND READER

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE THIRD READER

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE FOURTH READER



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THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

"All the town came down to the shore to see their departure." *Page 264.*

THE NEW WIDE AWAKE READERS

THE NEW
WIDE AWAKE
FOURTH READER

BY
CLARA MURRAY

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW WIDE AWAKE PRIMER," "THE NEW
WIDE AWAKE FIRST READER," "THE NEW WIDE AWAKE SECOND READER,"
"THE NEW WIDE AWAKE THIRD READER"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1929

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

THE FOURTH READER of a series does not deal so much with mechanical details, which should have been mastered in the lower grades, as with the more practical and aesthetic sides of reading. The pupils are now beginning to *learn by reading* instead of learning to read; and the selections should be of two distinct types, — those which contain definite statements of fact to be read and digested, and those which, by their entertaining style and literary merit, will lead to an appreciation and love of the best books. In other words, the pupils must learn to read intelligently, so that they may be prepared for the more serious study of history and geography, and they must also acquire a taste for real literature and become acquainted with good authors.

All of the prose selections and many of the poems in this book are copyrighted material. They have not been used in other series of readers, and thus the tiresome repetition of reading a story over and over again will be avoided.

In so far as is consistent with the necessity for grading the work to the understanding and ability of the pupils, the selections are chosen with reference to their literary value; and children will read with delight stories from the pen of such well-known writers as Louisa M. Alcott, Laura E. Richards, Edward Lear, Helen Hunt Jackson and Lucretia P. Hale.

By the use of the Vocabulary, the pupils will learn to look up words in the dictionary. The Notes will give them useful information about the selections.

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THE NEW WIDE AWAKE

FOURTH READER

THE TANGLED SKEIN

“ My dear child,” said the Angel-who-attends-to-things, “ why are you crying so very hard? ”

“ Oh dear! oh dear! ” said the child. “ No one ever had such a dreadful time before, I do believe, and it all comes of trying to be good. Oh dear! I wish I were bad; then I should not have all this trouble.”

“ Yes, you would,” said the Angel; “ a great deal worse. Now tell me what is the matter! ”

“ Look! ” said the child. “ Mother gave me this skein to wind and I promised to do it. But then father sent me on an errand, and it was almost school-time, and I was studying my lesson and going on the errand and winding the skein, all at the same time, and now I have got all tangled up in the wool, and I cannot

walk either forward or back, and oh! dear me, what ever shall I do? ”

“ Sit down! ” said the Angel.

“ But it is school-time! ” said the child.

“ Sit down! ” said the Angel; and he took the child by her shoulders and set her down.

“ Now sit still,” he said, and he began patiently to wind up the skein. It was badly tangled, and knotted about the child’s hands and feet; it was a wonder she could move at all; but at last it was all clear, and the Angel handed her the ball.

“ I thank you so very much! ” said the child. “ I was not naughty, was I? ”

“ Not naughty, only foolish; but that does just as much harm sometimes.”

“ But I was doing right things! ” said the child.

“ But you were doing them in the wrong way! ” said the Angel. “ It is good to do an errand, and it is good to go to school; but when you have a skein to wind you must sit still.”

— *Laura E. Richards.*



"NOW SIT STILL," HE SAID, AND HE BEGAN PATIENTLY TO WIND UP THE SKEIN.

LITTLE JOE OTTER'S SLIPPERY SLIDE

Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink had been playing together around the Smiling Pool all one sunshiny morning. They had been fishing, and had taken home a fine dinner of trout for old Grandfather Mink and blind old Granny Otter. They had played tag with the Merry Little Breezes. They had been in all kinds of mischief and now they just didn't know what to do.

They were sitting side by side on the Big Rock, trying to push each other off into the Smiling Pool. Round, smiling, red Mr. Sun made the Green Meadows very warm indeed, and Reddy Fox, over in the tall grass, heard them splashing and shouting and having such a good time that he wished he liked the nice cool water and could swim, too.

"I've thought of something!" cried Joe Otter.

"What is it?" asked Billy Mink.

Little Joe Otter just looked wise and said nothing.

"Something to eat?" asked Billy Mink.

"No," said Little Joe Otter.

“ I don’t believe you’ve thought of anything at all,” said Billy Mink.

“ I have, too! ” said Little Joe Otter. “ It’s something to do.”

“ What? ” demanded Billy Mink.

Just then Little Joe Otter spied Jerry Muskrat. “ Hi, Jerry Muskrat! Come over here! ” he called.

Jerry Muskrat swam across to the Big Rock, and climbed up beside Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter.

“ What are you fellows doing? ” asked Jerry Muskrat.

“ Having some fun,” said Billy Mink. “ Little Joe Otter has thought of something to do, but I don’t know what it is.”

“ Let’s make a slide,” cried Little Joe Otter.

“ You show us how,” said Billy Mink.

So Little Joe Otter found a nice smooth place on the bank, and Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat brought mud and helped him pat it down smooth, until they had the loveliest Slippery Slide in the world.

Then Little Joe Otter climbed up the bank to the

top of the Slippery Slide and lay down on his stomach. Billy Mink gave him a push and away he went down the Slippery Slide, splash into the Smiling Pool.

Jerry Muskrat tried it, and after him Billy Mink. Then they all did it over again. Sometimes they went down the Slippery Slide on their backs, sometimes flat on their stomachs, sometimes head first, sometimes feet first. Oh, such fun as they did have! Even Grandfather Frog came over and tried the Slippery Slide.

Johnny Chuck, over in the Green Meadows, heard the noise and stole down the Lone Little Path to see. Jimmy Skunk, looking for beetles up the hill, heard the noise and forgot that he hadn't had his breakfast. Reddy Fox, taking a nap, woke up and hurried over to watch the fun. Last of all came Peter Rabbit.

Little Joe Otter saw him coming. "Hello, Peter Rabbit!" he shouted. "Come and try the Slippery Slide."

Now Peter Rabbit couldn't swim, but he pretended that he didn't want to.

“ I’ve left my bathing suit at home,” said Peter Rabbit.

“ Never mind,” said Billy Mink. “ Mr. Sun will dry you off.”

“ And we’ll help,” said all the Merry Little Breezes.

But Peter Rabbit shook his head and said, “ No.”

Faster and faster went Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat and old Grandfather Frog down the Slippery Slide into the Smiling Pool.

Peter Rabbit kept coming near and nearer until finally he stood right at the top of the Slippery Slide. Billy Mink crept up behind him very softly and gave him a push. Peter Rabbit’s long legs flew out from under him, and down he sat on the Slippery Slide.

“ Oh! ” cried Peter Rabbit, and tried to stop himself. But he couldn’t do it, and so away he went down the Slippery Slide, splash into the Smiling Pool.

“ Ha! ha! ha! ” laughed Billy Mink.

“ Ho! ho! ho! ” shouted Little Joe Otter.

“ He! he! he! ” laughed Jerry Muskrat and old Grandfather Frog and Sammy Jay and Jimmy Skunk

and Reddy Fox and Blackie the Crow and Mr. Kingfisher, for, you know, Peter Rabbit was forever playing jokes on them.

Poor Peter Rabbit! The water got in his eyes and up his nose and into his mouth and made him choke and sputter, and then he couldn't get back on the bank, for, you know, Peter Rabbit couldn't swim.

When Little Joe Otter saw what a dreadful time Peter Rabbit was having, he dived into the Smiling Pool and took hold of one of Peter Rabbit's long ears. Billy Mink swam out and took hold of the other long ear. Jerry Muskrat swam right under Peter Rabbit and took him on his back. Then with Grandfather Frog swimming ahead they took Peter Rabbit right across the Smiling Pool and pulled him out on a grassy bank where it was nice and warm. All the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind came over and helped Mr. Sun dry Peter Rabbit off.

Then they all sat down together and watched Little Joe Otter turn a somersault down the Slippery Slide.

— *Thornton W. Burgess.*

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine;
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine.
 The moon, like a flower,
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields, and happy groves
 Where flocks have ta'en delight;
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
 The feet of angels bright;
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are covered warm;

They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm.
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed.

— *William Blake.*

MORNING

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With everything that pretty is,
 ' My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise!

— *William Shakespeare.*

WHY VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS

Once, in the long ago, there was a most beautiful garden where flowers of every kind grew. There were stately hollyhocks and fresh white daisies and roses and violets and pansies and hyacinths and poppies, and every other kind of flower that you ever dreamed or thought about.

Early one morning, when the bees and butterflies went to pay their morning calls, they found all the flowers in a perfect flutter of excitement.

A strange knight had passed through the garden the evening before and left word for every flower that the king of the garden was coming soon on a visit, and to the most beautiful flower he would bring a golden heart.

“To the most beautiful one, was the message,” nodded the crimson rose, pressing her baby buds close to her side.

“To the most beautiful one,” rang out the lily bells, sweet and clear. “We heard, we heard!”

“ To the most beautiful one,” whispered the violets, bending their heads in prayer.

“ Yes, yes,” chimed in the snowdrops, one by one; “ to the most beautiful one. We heard the message clearly.

“ But who can be more beautiful than we, with our dresses of spotless white? Surely the king will choose us, and for his coming we shall save all our sweetest nectar juice, all our pollen, all that we have we shall save for him who is our king.”

Thus talked the flowers together in the garden. Of course, everyone wanted the golden heart, and everyone began to work, trusting and hoping that its blossoms might be the most beautiful.

Now in those days, snowdrops held their heads up, and not down, as now, — neither did they have green spots on their dresses then. They were snowy white, and now that the king was coming, they thought so much more about their beautiful white dresses that they seemed to forget that it was better to be beautiful on the inside than on the outside.

They even forgot — these snowdrops — to be kind to their best friends, the bees and butterflies, and refused to give them either pollen or nectar juice.

And again they forgot to say good morning to their other friends, the lovely violets, growing so close to them and making the breath of the whole garden fragrant with their perfume.

Indeed, the violets thought so much about making perfume for others that they forgot all about themselves, and even the color of their dresses.

But the days passed quickly in the old garden, and it soon became a bower of glory indeed, as flower vied with flower to become the most beautiful, when the king should come.

The morning-glories hung out joy-bells of white and pink and blue, climbing to the top of the garden wall that they might be first to see the king.

But the snowdrops only stood still and fretted. “ See,” they cried, “ our dresses are losing their freshness and the nectar juice will be spoiled. Listen, do you not hear footsteps? ”

Yes, some one was coming down the path, but it was only a wrinkled old woman, feeble and worn with the heat of the summer day. As she passed slowly along, her eyes fell on the pure white snowdrops, and stretching her hands towards them, she said:

“ Oh, you beautiful blossoms, can you not spare me one? ”

“ No, no! we have none to spare to-day,” replied the snowdrops; “ go away and come some other day. We are saving these for our king. Ask the violets close by. They can spare you some.”

“ Yes, yes,” nodded the violets; “ we would love to give you some. Take all you please. See, our bed is full, — enough for you and enough for our king.”

And as the old woman stooped to gather the purple violets, her face seemed very fair to look upon.

“ To-morrow, surely to-morrow the king will come,” fretted the snowdrops; “ we have waited so long! ”

But when the next day came, there was only a little bird with a broken wing that passed that way. Faint

from hunger, he fell in the sand near the snowdrops and begged for just one tiny seed.

“No, no!” again said the snowdrops, “we have none to spare. Come some other day; we are saving these for our king.”

“Take ours,” cried the voice of the violets close by; “take ours, pretty bird, we have plenty to spare.”

And the wounded bird ate and hopped away, and again his face seemed beautiful to look upon.

It was night, and the breezes were just lulling the flowers to sleep when another visitor stopped by the side of the snowdrops. But they sighed and turned their heads away, for this time there was only a crippled frog with an ugly bruise on his head.

“Water, only one drop of water, pretty snowdrops!” the frog said. “Your cups are full with sweetest nectar. Give it to me, for I am dying with thirst.”

But again the snowdrops shook their heads and turned away. “No, no!” they cried; “go away, ugly frog. We need the water to keep our dresses white, for the king is coming this way.”

“Here is some water,” called the violets sweet.
 “It is fresh and pure. Drink, tired frog, and rest
 among our cooling leaves.”

And then something wonderful indeed happened.
 The frog vanished from sight, and in his place stood
 the king of the garden himself, clothed in gold and
 royal purple, and in his hands he held a shower of
 golden hearts which fell among the violets and lodged
 lovingly beneath their fragrant petals.

Then turning to the snowdrops, who had hung their
 heads in shame, the king said:

“Spotted like thy heart, oh, snowdrops, thy dresses
 shall become, and when on them thou dost look,
 think and remember:

“Beautiful flowers are those that do
 Deeds that are loving, kind, and true,
 The long day through.

“Footsore and weary, I asked of you; hungry, I
 came to you; thirsty, I begged of you; but you turned
 me away.”

“ We did not know, we did not know,” sobbed the snowdrops. “ Come, we have saved all for thee.”

But alas! it was too late, for the king of the garden had come and gone, — leaving the snowdrops with spotted clothes and heads bowed low in the moonlight.

— *Madge A. Bigham.*

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night —
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

— *Ben Jonson.*

THE JUMBLIES

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;

In a sieve they went to sea:

In spite of all their friends could say,

On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a sieve they went to sea.

And when the sieve turned round and round,

And everyone cried, " You'll all be drowned! "

They called aloud, " Our sieve isn't big;

But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:

In a sieve we'll go to sea! "

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live:

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;

And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;

The water it soon came in:

So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet

In a pinky paper all folded neat;



THEY WENT TO SEA IN A SIEVE, THEY DID.

And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, " How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppersy gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
" O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown "

Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did, —
 To a land all covered with trees:
 And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
 And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees;
 And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
 And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back, —
 In twenty years or more;

And everyone said, " How tall they've grown!
 For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
 Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
 And everyone said, " If we only live,
 We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

— *Edward Lear.*

PETER RABBIT PLAYS A JOKE

One morning when big round Mr. Sun was climbing up in the sky, and Old Mother West Wind had sent all her Merry Little Breezes to play in the Green Meadows, Johnny Chuck started out for a walk. First he sat up very straight and looked and looked to see if Reddy Fox was anywhere about, for you know Reddy Fox liked to tease Johnny Chuck.

But Reddy Fox was nowhere to be seen, so Johnny Chuck trotted down the Lone Little Path to the wood.

Mr. Sun was shining as brightly as ever he could, and Johnny Chuck, who was very, very fat, grew very, very warm. By and by he sat down on the end of a log under a big tree to rest.

Thump! Something hit Johnny Chuck right on the top of his round little head. It made Johnny Chuck jump.

“Hello, Johnny Chuck!” said a voice that seemed to come right out of the sky.

Johnny Chuck tipped his head way, way back and

looked up. He was just in time to see Happy Jack Squirrel drop a nut. Down it came and hit Johnny Chuck right on the tip of his funny, black, little nose.

"Oh!" said Johnny Chuck, and tumbled right over back off the log. But Johnny Chuck was so round and so fat and so roly-poly that it didn't hurt him a bit.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Happy Jack up in the tree.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Johnny Chuck, picking himself up. Then they both laughed together, it was such a good joke.

"What are you laughing at?" asked a voice so close to Johnny Chuck that he rolled over three times he was so surprised. It was Peter Rabbit.

"What are you doing in my wood?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"I am taking a walk," said Johnny Chuck.

"Good," said Peter Rabbit; "I'll come along, too."

So Johnny Chuck and Peter Rabbit set out along the Lone Little Path through the wood. Peter Rabbit

hopped along with great big jumps, for Peter's legs are long and meant for jumping; but Johnny Chuck couldn't keep up though he tried very hard, for Johnny's legs are short.

Pretty soon Peter Rabbit came back, walking very softly. He whispered in Johnny Chuck's ear.

"I've found something," said Peter Rabbit.

"What is it?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"I'll show you," said Peter Rabbit; "but you must be very, very still, and not make the least little bit of noise."

Johnny Chuck promised to be very, very still, for he wanted very much to see what Peter Rabbit had found.

Peter Rabbit tiptoed down the Lone Little Path through the wood, his funny long ears pointing right up to the sky. And behind him tiptoed Johnny Chuck, wondering and wondering what it could be that Peter Rabbit had found.

Pretty soon they came to a mossy green log right across the Lone Little Path. Peter Rabbit stopped and

sat up very straight. He looked this way and looked that way.

Johnny Chuck stopped, too, and he sat up very straight and looked this way and looked that way; but all he could see was the mossy green log across the Lone Little Path.

"What is it, Peter Rabbit?" whispered Johnny Chuck.

"You can't see it yet," whispered Peter Rabbit, "for first we have to jump over that mossy green log. Now I'll jump first, and then you jump just the way I do, and then you'll see what it is I've found," said Peter Rabbit.

So Peter Rabbit jumped first, and because his legs are long and meant for jumping, he jumped way, way over the mossy green log. Then he turned around and sat up to see Johnny Chuck jump over the mossy green log, too.

Johnny Chuck tried to jump very high and very far, just as he had seen Peter Rabbit jump; but Johnny Chuck's legs are short, and not meant for jumping.

Besides, Johnny Chuck was very, very fat. So, though he tried very hard indeed to jump just like Peter Rabbit, he stubbed his toes on the top of the mossy green log and over he tumbled, head first, and landed with a great big thump right on Reddy Fox, who was lying fast asleep on the other side of the log.

Peter Rabbit laughed and laughed until he had to hold his sides.

My, how frightened Johnny Chuck was when he saw what he had done! Before he could get on his feet he had rolled right over behind a little bush, and there he lay very, very still.

Reddy Fox awoke with a grunt when Johnny Chuck fell on him so hard, and the first thing he saw was Peter Rabbit laughing so that he had to hold his sides. Reddy Fox didn't stop to look around. He thought that Peter Rabbit had jumped on him. Up jumped Reddy Fox, and away ran Peter Rabbit. Away went Reddy Fox after Peter Rabbit.

Peter dodged behind the trees, and jumped over the bushes, and ran this way and ran that way, just as

hard as ever he could, for Peter Rabbit was very much afraid of Reddy Fox. And Reddy Fox followed Peter Rabbit behind the trees and over the bushes, this way and that way.

Pretty soon Peter Rabbit came to the house of Jimmy Skunk. He knew that Jimmy Skunk was over in the pasture, so he popped right in, and then he was safe, for the door of Jimmy Skunk's house was too small for Reddy Fox to squeeze in.

Reddy Fox sat down and waited, but Peter Rabbit didn't come out, so by and by he gave it up and trotted off home, where old Mother Fox was waiting for him.

All this time Johnny Chuck had sat very still, watching Reddy Fox try to catch Peter Rabbit. And when he saw Peter Rabbit pop into the house of Jimmy Skunk, and Reddy Fox trot away home, Johnny Chuck stood up and brushed his little coat very clean, and then he trotted back up the Lone Little Path through the wood, till he was safe in his own snug little home once more.

— *Thornton W. Burgess.*

CHILD'S PLAY

Once a child was playing on a great log that lay by the roadside; and another child came along, and stopped to speak to him.

“What are you doing?” asked the second child.

“I am sailing to the Southern Seas,” replied the first, “to get a cargo of monkeys, and elephant tusks, and crystal balls as large as oranges. Come up here, and you may sail with me if you like.”

So the second child climbed upon the log.

“Look!” said the first child. “See how the foam bubbles up before the ship, and trails and floats away behind! Look! the water is so clear that we can see the fishes swimming about, blue and red and green. There goes a parrot-fish; my father told me about them. I should not wonder if we saw a whale in a minute.”

“What are you talking about?” asked the second child, peevishly. “There is no water here, only grass; and anyway this is nothing but a log. You cannot find islands in this way.”

“ But we have found them,” cried the first child. “ Here they are now. I see the palm-trees waving, and the white sand glittering. Look! there are the natives gathering to welcome us on the beach. They have feather cloaks, and necklaces, and anklets of copper as red as gold. Oh! and there is an elephant coming straight toward us.”

“ I should think you would be ashamed,” said the second child. “ That is the Widow Slocum.”

“ It’s all the same,” said the first child.

Presently the second child climbed off the log.

“ I am going to play stick-knife,” he said. “ I don’t see any sense in this. I think you are pretty dull to play things that aren’t really there.” And he walked slowly away.

The first child looked after him a moment.

“ I think you are pretty dull,” he said to himself, “ to see nothing but what is under your nose.”

But he was too well-mannered to say this aloud; and taking his cargo, he sailed for another port.

— *Laura E. Richards.*



"LOOK! THERE ARE THE NATIVES GATHERING TO WELCOME US
ON THE BEACH."

A THUNDER STORM

The day was hot and the day was dumb,
Save for cricket's chirr or the bee's low hum,

Not a bird was seen or a butterfly,
And ever till noon was over, the sun
Glared down with a yellow and terrible eye;

Glared down in the woods, where the breathless boughs
Hung heavy and faint in a languid drowse,

And the ferns were curling with thirst and heat;
Glared down on the fields where the sleepy cows
Stood munching the grasses, dry and sweet.

Then a single cloud rose up in the west,
With a base of gray and a white, white crest;
It rose and it spread a mighty wing,
And swooped at the sun, though he did his best
And struggled and fought like a wounded thing.

And the woods awoke, and the sleepers heard,
Each heavily hanging leaflet stirred,

With a little expectant quiver and thrill,
As the cloud bent over and uttered a word, —
One volleying, rolling syllable.

And once and again came the deep, low tone
Which only to thunder's lips is known,
And the earth held up her fearless face
And listened as if to a signal blown, —
A signal-trump in some heavenly place.

The trumpet of God, obeyed on high,
His signal to open the granary
And send forth his heavily-loaded wains
Rumbling and roaring down the sky
And scattering the blessed, long-harvested rains.
— *Susan Coolidge.*

MADAM MOSQUITO

I — IN THE POND

One spring morning, long before the sun rose, little Madam Mosquito went flitting over the garden. She was looking for water in which to lay her eggs so that there would be some baby mosquitoes by and by. She hunted along the path, and around the bushes, and in the corners of the hedge; but she could not find even a broken bottle or empty tin can that might have held some drops from the last shower.

Then she flew to the house at one end of the garden and crawled over the rain-water barrel in search of a crack in the cover. When she was sure that she could not possibly squeeze inside to lay her eggs, she went to the hydrant on the lawn to see if the hose had been leaking in a puddle underneath.

But she could not find a single muddy spot. So she spread her filmy wings again and flitted away over the hedge to a pond in a vacant lot beyond.

The pond had begun to dry up at one end. The ground near it was wet and spongy, with long yellow grasses bending over little pools here and there. These pools were exactly what Madam Mosquito wanted, because there were no fish in them to eat her babies. Perhaps she knew that the fish in the pond could not flap across the grassy spots to reach the puddles scattered over the marshy place.

Anyway, she flew to one of the patches of quiet water and laid her eggs. She laid as many as three hundred or more. They were all stuck together in a tiny raft which floated out on the surface of the pool.

The sun came up and shone on the ripples. A bird swung on a reed and fluttered down to drink. She dipped in her bill, splash! so near the wee brown raft that it was almost sucked inside. Away it went, dipping and tossing in the fairy wavelets, when suddenly, kerplunk! a big green frog hopped right on top of it. But the tiny raft was light as a cork, and instead of sinking beneath him as he swam down to the bottom, it bobbed up to the top of the water again, and danced

wildly hither and thither in the whirling billows caused by his plunge.

All the sweet spring morning the raft floated in the sunshine, and early in the afternoon the baby mosquitoes hatched out.

Now you would have been surprised! The babies that came squirming out of those eggs did not look a bit like their mother. They were nothing but soft dark little wigglers. The first tiny creature that wiggled out of the largest egg dived from under the raft and swam up to the surface of the pond to breathe. Instead of poking her head up to the air, she hung upside down, with one point of her forked tail pushed up to the top. She breathed through a tube which was in her tail instead of in her head.

As soon as she was full of fresh air, she began to flap the other point of her tail. Away she swam, bending and twisting and squirming, this way and that, as fast as she could wiggle. While she was darting and doubling, she kept waving the hairs near her mouth to and fro. This quick, steady motion drove the

water toward her mouth. In the water were the very tiniest bits of food for her. When they floated into her soft open mouth, she swallowed them and waited for more to be pushed along by the busy little hairs.

After swimming and eating for about a minute, she flapped up to the top again to take another breath. Then she hurried down to eat. Going up was hard work because she was heavier than the water. She had to jerk her tiny body very fast, and wiggle her tail, and flap all her little swimming-hairs at once. She had six swimming-hairs on her tail and others on the rest of her body. She rowed with hairs as you swim by kicking your legs and throwing out your arms.

As soon as she reached the top of the pool and poked her breathing-tube into the air, she felt lighter, because the new fresh air in her helped her to float. So she could hang there upside down without any trouble. When she was ready to go swimming around below again, she wiggled away downward as easily as a fish.

Now one day a very dreadful thing almost hap-

pened. When she came hurrying up to breathe, after being a whole minute down at the bottom, she could not poke the end of her breathing-tube through the top of the water. Though she pushed with all her might, and flapped and twisted and jerked, she could not reach the air above.

It seemed as if there were a layer of thin rubber over the surface of the pool. Finally she gave a last wild squirm, and managed to slip out from beneath that dangerous spot. Her tail stretched up to the air in a twinkling. She hung there, breathing and breathing and breathing, deep down and all the way through her soft body. She had almost drowned that time.

What caused all this trouble for her had been a drop of oil that had floated at the edge of the pool. The oil made a tough film on the water, just where she tried to push through at first. If she had not wiggled away from under it and found a clear space, she would surely have drowned.

Sometimes, when people wish to get rid of mosquitoes, they pour kerosene oil on the ponds and pud-

dles near their houses. Then all the wigglers drown, because they cannot poke their tails up to the air to breathe.

II — IN THE GARDEN

In spite of many perils, the mosquito baby grew fast as she ate more and more. When she was too big for her old skin, she wiggled out of it, and wore a new one a size larger. The third time she changed her skin, she looked so different that she would hardly have recognized herself with her own eyes, if she had happened to have any.

The head end of her body had swollen out big and round. She breathed through two little horns at the back of her neck, instead of through one of the points of her tail. She felt so light that she stayed at the top of the water most of the time, with her horns poking through to the air above. She did not care about eating now. She was happy enough just to float there, breathing and resting at the surface of the pool.

It was not a very safe place for her, because there were dragon-flies living near that pond. More than one of them caught a glimpse of the two tiny horns sticking through the water, and came swooping down to catch the little fat morsel below. It was the queerest thing how that soft, dark, wee body, without eyes or ears, knew when the dragon-fly was coming.

It may be that she could feel the shadow of the gauzy wings flitting above the water. At any rate, she always vanished like a flash before the hungry dragon-fly could snap her up. Away to the bottom she flapped, bending and twisting her slender body. She found now that swimming down was harder work than floating up, because her head end was so light and full of air.

Dragon-flies were not her only enemies during the two or three days that she swung there in the water. Once a frog jumped at her, and another time, as she hung breathing at the surface, a bird spied her and darted at her just a moment too late. She had paddled downward like a flash. That was exciting enough!

All the rest of the day the baby mosquito floated at the edge of the water. She did not worry about the next morning when the hungry minnows would wake and swim around hunting for breakfast. An animal like this young insect cannot think, and therefore she never worries. She only cares about the way she feels at the moment. And all that night she felt quite comfortable except that her skin seemed to be getting tighter and tighter.

In the morning — perhaps you have been expecting this — her skin split, and out of the crack crawled a grown-up mosquito with a small head, a long slender body, and two gauzy wings. These wings were not of much use to her just at first, because they were damp and limp and creased from having been folded up inside the wiggler skin for so many hours when they were growing. While they were drying, she sat on her old skin that was floating there empty.

Presently she fluttered to a blade of grass and walked along it with all her six jointed legs. It may have felt odd to have legs for walking, instead of hairs

that were only useful for paddling in the water. And then, besides all those legs, she had two wings to carry her far away from the dangerous pool! Wasn't that fortunate for her?

However, she was soon to learn that the air also was full of perils. She was just lifting her wings to fly up from the grass, when a dragon-fly darted toward her. It may have been the same one which had almost caught her when she was a wiggler in the pool. She had hardly time to slip to one side and crawl under the grass, but the dragon-fly did not stop to hunt for her, because he liked better to chase insects flying in the air.

Several times that day the young mosquito started to fly up from her hiding-place, only to slip hastily back to safety. Many dragon-flies lived near that marsh, for their babies, as well as the mosquito wigglers, hatch out in the water. The neighborhood was certainly a bad one for a mosquito.

Little Miss Mosquito must have felt this fact to be true, for she wisely flew away as soon as the terrible-

jawed, four-winged, big-eyed dragon-flies had gone to sleep at nightfall.

Off she flitted across the pond in the dusk. It seemed a long journey to her, for her wings were not very strong. The light evening breeze that blew over the water tossed her hither and thither as it carried her onward. She was glad enough to reach the shore and flutter to the ground, where she clung to a weed till she felt rested.

Then she started out again and flew humming toward the garden. This humming song was caused by the air beating against a certain part of her breathing tubes as she hovered with wings outspread.

She flitted along in the sweet spring twilight to a blossoming cherry tree. Then she pricked into the center of the cherry blossoms and drank the nectar there. She had at her mouth a long sharp beak no thicker than a hair, which she could push through tender skin, as if it were a needle, and suck up the juices inside. This was how she drank the cherry nectar. Then she flew to the vegetable beds and set-

tled on one plant after another to taste the sweet sap which she liked so well.

It was cool and quiet in the garden, with no minnows and pollywogs to snap at her, no dragon-flies to frighten her. Her wings grew stronger every minute, and when she had eaten her fill of all the sweet juices, she found a snug corner under a lilac leaf where she could take a peaceful nap.

— *Julia Augusta Schwartz.*

A SONG

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
 That grow by the shadowy rill,
 You may cut down both at a single stroke,
 You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
 Whatever change may be,
 You can never teach either oak or beech
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.

— *Thomas Love Peacock.*

THE PETERKINS PRACTICE TRAVELLING

I — OUTWARD BOUND

For a long time the Peterkins had been talking of going on a journey. Mrs. Peterkin wanted to see the famous Cleopatra's Needle. She had heard it was something gigantic, and would be worth a trip to New York.

Agamemnon thought it would be as well to visit Egypt to see the pyramids before they were all brought away, and Mrs. Peterkin said she would be almost as willing to travel to Egypt as to New York.

Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to see the Sphinx, and Agamemnon felt it would be a great thing for the education of the little boys. So Mr. Peterkin decided that they would all go to Egypt.

But Mrs. Peterkin could not help worrying about the voyage. What she was afraid of was getting in and out of the ships and boats. She was afraid of tumbling into the water when she left the wharf.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with her mother in this, and began to calculate how many times they would have to change between Boston and Egypt. There was the ferry-boat across to East Boston would make two changes; one more to get on board the steamer; then Liverpool — no, to land at Queenstown would make two more, — four, five changes; Liverpool, six.

Solomon John brought the map, and they counted up. Dover, seven; Calais, eight; Marseilles, nine; Malta, if they landed, ten, eleven: and Alexandria, twelve changes.

Mrs. Peterkin shuddered at the possibilities, not merely for herself, but for the family. *She* could fall in but once, but by the time they should reach Egypt, how many would be left out of a family of eight? Agamemnon began to count up the chances. Eight times twelve would make ninety-six ($8 \times 12 = 96$). Mrs. Peterkin felt as if all might be swept off before the end could be reached.

Solomon John said it was not usual to allow more than one chance in a hundred. People always said

“one in a hundred,” as though that were the usual thing expected. It was not at all likely that the whole family would be swept off.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they would not want to lose one; they could hardly pick out which they could spare, she felt certain. Agamemnon declared there was no necessity for such risks. They might go directly by some ship from Boston to Egypt.

Mr. Peterkin thought they ought to have some practice in travelling, to accustom themselves to emergencies. It would be fatal to start on so long a voyage and find they were not prepared.

Why not make their proposed excursion to visit the cousins at Gooseberry Beach, which they had been planning all summer. There they could practice getting in and out of a boat, and accustom themselves to the air of the sea. To be sure, the cousins were just moving up from the seashore, but they could take down a basket of luncheon, in order to give no trouble, and they need not go into the house.

Elizabeth Eliza had learned by heart, early in the

summer, the list of trains, as she was sure they would lose the slip their cousins had sent them; and you never could find the paper that had the trains in when you wanted it.

They must take the 7 A. M. train into Boston in time to go across to the station for the Gooseberry train at 7.45, and they would have to return from Gooseberry Beach by a 3.30 train. The cousins would order the "barge" to meet them on their arrival, and to come for them at 3 P. M., in time for the return train, if they were informed the day before. Elizabeth Eliza wrote them a postal card, telling them that they would take the early train.

The "barge" was the name of the omnibus that took passengers to and from the Gooseberry station. Mrs. Peterkin felt that its very name was suggestive of the trip to Egypt.

The day proved a fine one. On reaching Boston, Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza were put into a carriage with the luncheon basket to drive directly to the station. Elizabeth Eliza was able to check the

basket at the baggage-room, and to buy their "go-and-return" tickets before the arrival of the rest of the family, who appeared, however, some minutes before a quarter of eight.

Mrs. Peterkin counted the little boys. All were there. This promised well for Egypt. But their joy was short-lived. On presenting their tickets at the gate of entrance, they were stopped.

The Gooseberry train had gone at 7.35! The Mattapan train was now awaiting its passengers. Impossible! Elizabeth Eliza had repeated 7.45 every morning through the summer. It must be the Gooseberry train. But the conductor would not yield. If they wished to go to Mattapan they could go; if to Gooseberry, they must wait until the 5 P. M. train.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. Their return train was 3.30; how could 5 P. M. help them?

Mr. Peterkin proposed that they should try something else. Why should they not take their luncheon basket across some ferry? This would give them practice.

The family hastily agreed to this. What could be better? They went to the baggage-room, but found that their basket had gone on the 7.35 train!

“ If *we* had only been checked, too! ” exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

The baggage-master suggested that there was a train for Plymouth at eight, which would take them within twelve miles of Gooseberry Beach, and they might find “ a team ” there to take them across. Solomon John and the little boys were delighted with the suggestion.

“ We could see Plymouth Rock,” said Agamemnon.

But it would be necessary to make haste. Mr. Peterkin quickly bought tickets for Plymouth, and no one objected to their taking the 8 A. M. train.

This had been a test expedition; and each of the party had taken something, to see if he could remember it. Mr. Peterkin had two umbrellas, Agamemnon an atlas and spy-glass, and the little boys were taking down two cats in a basket. All were safe.

“ I am glad we have decided upon Plymouth,”

said Mr. Peterkin. "Before seeing the pyramids of Egypt we certainly ought to know something of Plymouth Rock. I should be quite ashamed, when looking at their great obelisks, to confess that I had never seen our own Rock."

The conductor was attracted by this interesting party. When Mr. Peterkin told him of their mistake of the morning, and that they were bound for Gooseberry Beach, he advised them to stop at Kingston, a station nearer the beach. They would have but four miles to drive, and their tickets would be cheaper.

The family demurred. Were they ready now to give up Plymouth? They would lose time in going there. Solomon John, too, suggested it would be better to visit Plymouth on their return from Egypt, after they had seen the earliest things.

This decided them to stop at Kingston.

But, after all, they found no omnibus or carriage at the station to take them to Gooseberry Beach!

The station-master was eager to help them, and went far and near in search of some sort of wagon; but hour

after hour passed away, the little boys had shared their last peanut, and gloom began to gather over the whole family.

II — HOMEWARD BOUND

After a long time the station-master came to announce that he had two carriages to take the party to Gooseberry Beach; but it took about twenty minutes to arrange them satisfactorily.

Mr. Peterkin ought to be in one carriage, Mrs. Peterkin in the other; but it was difficult to divide the little boys as they both wished to take charge of the cats.

The drive, too, proved longer than they expected, — six miles instead of four, — and when they reached their cousins' door, the "barge" was already standing there.

"It has brought our luncheon basket!" exclaimed Solomon John.

"I am glad of it," said Agamemnon, "for I feel hungry enough for it."

He pulled out his watch. It was three o'clock!

This was indeed the "barge," but it had come for their return. The Gooseberry cousins, much bewildered that the family did not arrive at the time expected, had forgotten to send word about it. And the driver, supposing the family had arrived at the other station, had brought up the lunch basket, as it was addressed to the Gooseberry cousins.

The cousins flocked out to meet them. "What had happened? What had made them so late? They were glad to see them at last."

Mrs. Peterkin, when she understood the state of the case, insisted upon getting into the "barge" to return, although the driver said there would be a few moments to spare.

Some of the cousins busied themselves in opening the luncheon basket, and the others led the little boys and Agamemnon and Solomon John down upon the beach in front of the house; there would be a few moments for a glance at the sea.

Indeed, the little boys ventured in their India-rub-

ber boots to wade in a little way, as the tide was low. And Agamemnon and Solomon John walked to look at a boat that was drawn up on the beach, and got into it and out of it for practice, till they were all summoned back to the house.

It was indeed time to go. The Gooseberry cousins had taken out the luncheon, and had tried to persuade the family to spend the night. Mrs. Peterkin declared this would be impossible. They never had done such a thing. So they went off, eating their luncheon as they went, the little boys each with a sandwich in one hand and a piece of cake in the other.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they would miss the train or lose some of the party.

But, no, it was a great success; for all, and more than all, were found in the train: slung over the arm of one of the little boys was found the basket containing the cats. They were to have left the cats, but in their haste had brought them away again.

This discovery was made in a search for the tickets which Elizabeth Eliza had bought, early in the morn-



AT LAST THE TICKETS WERE FOUND IN ELIZABETH ELIZA'S
HAND-BAG.

ing, to go and return; they were needed now for return. She was sure she had given them to her father.

Mrs. Peterkin supposed that Mr. Peterkin must have changed them for the Kingston tickets. The little boys felt in their pockets, Agamemnon and Solomon John in theirs; but at last the tickets were found in the outer pocket of Elizabeth Eliza's hand-bag. She had looked for them in the inner pocket.

It was after this that Mr. Peterkin ventured to pronounce the whole trip a success. To be sure, they had not passed the day at the beach, and had scarcely seen their cousins; but their object had been to practice travelling, and, surely, they had been travelling all day.

Elizabeth Eliza had seen the sea, or thought she had. She was not sure — she had been so busy explaining to the cousins about their adventures.

Agamemnon was sorry she had not walked with them to the beach, and tried getting in and out of the boat. Elizabeth Eliza was sorry, too. Of course it was not the same as getting into a boat on the sea,

where it would be wobbling more, but the step must have been higher from the sand. Solomon John said there was some difficulty. He had jumped in, but was obliged to take hold of the side in getting out.

The little boys were much encouraged by their wade into the tide. They had been a little frightened at first, when the splash came, but the tide had been low.

On the whole, Mr. Peterkin continued, things had gone well. Even the bringing back of the cats might be considered a good omen. Cats were worshipped in Egypt, and they ought not to have tried to part with them. He was glad they had brought the cats.

Their adventures were not quite over, however. The station was crowded when they reached Boston, as a military company had arrived from the South and was received by a procession.

A number of distinguished guests also were expected and the Peterkins found it difficult to find a carriage. They had decided to take a carriage, so that they might be sure to reach their train in season.

At last Mr. Peterkin discovered one that was empty, standing at the end of a long line. There would be room for Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, himself, and the little boys. Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to walk behind in order to keep the carriage in sight; but they soon found that they were going at a very slow pace.

Mr. Peterkin put out his head to call to the coachman, and discovered that they had fallen into the line of the procession, and were being driven slowly on behind the other carriages.

In vain Mr. Peterkin tried to attract the driver's attention. He put his head out of one window and then the other, but only to receive the cheers of the people standing along the sidewalks.

He opened the window behind the coachman and pulled his coat; but the cheering was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He tried to motion to the coachman to turn down one of the side streets, but in answer the driver pointed out with his whip the crowds of people, to show that it would be impossible

to make their way through the throngs that filled every side street which they crossed.

Mrs. Peterkin looked out of the back window for Agamemnon and Solomon John. They were walking side by side, behind the carriage, taking off their hats, and bowing to the people who were cheering on either side.

“ They are at the head of a long row of men, walking two by two,” said Mr. Peterkin.

“ They are part of the procession,” said Elizabeth Eliza.

“ We are part of the procession,” Mr. Peterkin answered.

“ I rather like it,” said Mrs. Peterkin, with a calm smile, as she looked out of the window and bowed in answer to a cheer.

“ Where do you suppose we shall go? ” asked Elizabeth Eliza.

“ I have often wondered what became of a procession,” said Mr. Peterkin. “ They are always going somewhere, but I never could tell where they went.”

“ We shall find out! ” exclaimed the little boys, who were looking now out of one window, now out of the other.

“ Perhaps we shall go to the armory,” said one.

This frightened Mrs. Peterkin. Sounds of a band of music were now heard, and the noise of the crowd grew louder. “ I think you ought to ask where we are going,” she said to Mr. Peterkin.

“ It is not for us to decide,” he answered calmly. “ They have taken us into the procession. I suppose they will show us the principal streets, and then leave us at our station.”

This, indeed, seemed to be the plan. For two hours more the Peterkins in their carriage, and Agamemnon and Solomon John on foot, followed on. Mrs. Peterkin looked out upon rows and rows of cheering people. The little boys waved their caps.

“ It begins to be a little tiresome,” said Mrs. Peterkin at last.

“ I am afraid we have missed all the trains,” said Elizabeth Eliza gloomily.

But Mr. Peterkin's faith held to the last, and was rewarded. The carriage reached the square in which stood the railroad station. Mr. Peterkin again seized the tails of the coachman's coat and pointed to the station, and he was able to turn his horses in that direction.

As they left the crowd they received a parting cheer. It was with difficulty that Agamemnon and Solomon John broke from the ranks.

"That was a splendid reception!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, wiping his brow, after paying the coachman twice his fee.

"But we have lost all the trains, I am sure," cried Elizabeth Eliza.

They had lost all but one. It was the very last.

"And we have lost the cats!" the little boys suddenly exclaimed. But Mrs. Peterkin would not allow them to turn back to search for the cats, and they all reached home in safety.

— *Lucretia P. Hale.*

THE STARS

A little dear child lay in its crib and sobbed, because it was afraid of the dark. And its father, in the room below, heard the sobs, and came up, and said, "What ails you, my dearie, and why do you cry?"

And the child said, "Oh, father, I am afraid of the dark. Nurse says I am too big to have a candle; but all the corners are full of dreadful blackness, and I think there are Things in them with eyes, that would look at me if I looked at them; and if they looked at me I should die. Oh, father, why is it dark? Why is there such a terrible thing as darkness? Why cannot it be always day?"

The father took the child in his arms and carried him down stairs and out into the summer night.

"Look up, dearie!" he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights!"

The child looked and saw the stars, spangling

the blue veil of the sky; bright as candles they burned, and yellow as gold.

“ Oh, father,” cried the child; “ what are those lovely things? ”

“ They are stars,” said the father. “ They are God’s little lights.”

“ But why have I never seen them before? ”

“ Because you are a very little child, and have never been out in the night before.”

“ Can I see the stars only at night, father? ”

“ Only at night, my child.”

“ Do they only come then, father? ”

“ No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining.”

“ But, father, the darkness is not terrible here, it is beautiful! ”

“ Yes, dearie; the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars, instead of into the corners.”

— *Laura E. Richards.*

HELEN KELLER

I — DARKNESS

Will you try a little experiment? Then close your eyes tightly, and seal your ears so that you cannot hear any of the sounds around you. You will now find yourself in the world in which Helen Keller lives all the time.

It seems a dreary and lonely world to you, does it not? Yet to this wonderful young woman it is beautiful and full of interest. Though she lives in the midst of silence and darkness, she is happy and cheerful, and ever able to enjoy the funny side of whatever takes place.

She has worked earnestly and patiently for others who are deaf and blind, giving them courage to study and so make themselves useful. She has also written books filled with beautiful thoughts, which are helping thousands of people to-day who are not shut out like herself from the world of sight and hearing.

In the year 1880 Helen Keller was born in a vine-covered cottage in Tuscumbia, a small town in Alabama. The baby was lulled to sleep by the sweet songs of robins and mocking-birds. The soft southern breezes fanned her cheeks, and her eyes, which at first were as bright and clear as those of other children, were often busy watching the humming-birds and the bees as they flitted in and out among the vines which climbed over the walls of the little cottage.

Everything the baby looked upon filled her with interest. She tried to copy whatever she saw others doing. When she was only six months old she began to talk. "How d'ye," she would say, in true southern fashion.

On her first birthday she took her first steps alone, trying to reach the shadows of the leaves as they danced on the floor in the sunlight. Then, in the month of February, after her first happy year, came a dreadful sickness. It seemed as though the little Helen could not live.

But suddenly the illness left her, taking with it

all sight from the bright eyes, and hearing from the ears that once had been so quick to catch every sound. How strange this dark and silent world must have seemed to the child!

As she grew stronger she still wished to spend most of her time in her mother's lap, as she had done when she lay weak and sick. She could not see this mother's tender face, it is true. She could not hear the sweet voice any longer. But she felt the love in her heart, which was the greatest of all helps in getting used to her new life.

Of course she soon forgot the words that she had learned to speak; and when she went from place to place she had to grope her way, often forgetting in what direction she should turn.

She soon learned to make signs to show what she wished. For "yes" she nodded her head. For "no" she shook it. If she were hungry she would pretend that she was cutting bread and spreading it with butter. She shivered at the idea of being cold. In a short time she had forgotten all she had ever learned.

By and by she discovered that other people were different. They could make each other understand without signs. They had only to move their lips to do this. The poor child moved her lips, too, but she could not make her friends understand her wishes.

As Helen grew older, she tried harder and harder to show by signs what she was thinking of. But she often could not do this - indeed, there were so few signs! It troubled her very much, and she would burst into tears and creep into her mother's arms for comfort.

Every year she grew more unhappy and her parents were greatly troubled. In the course of time there came a baby sister into the home, and Helen was very jealous of her. Before this her mother always found time to hold her, but now it was quite different. This new baby was in her mother's lap nearly all the time, and Helen had to be put to one side.

Her parents wondered what could be done. They had heard of another child, Laura Bridgman, who was blind and deaf like Helen, and that a good physician in Boston, Dr. Howe, had found a way by which such

children could learn. He had taught Laura Bridgman and made her a happy, useful woman. But Dr. Howe was now dead, and they feared there was no one living who could do what he had done.

When Helen was six years old, her father heard of a great physician in Baltimore who had helped many blind people to see. Perhaps he could do something for Helen's eyes. Not long afterwards the little girl went with her father to Baltimore. This physician examined the blind girl's eyes, but said that he could not help them to see.

"She can be educated, however," he said, and advised Mr. and Mrs. Keller to go to Washington and visit Dr. Graham Bell. He could tell them what was being done in the schools for blind and deaf children.

So to Washington they went. Helen will never forget her first meeting with Dr. Bell. He was very kind and gentle, but, best of all, he understood the signs she made.

He took her on his lap and gave her his watch to examine. He seemed like an old friend at once. He

told Helen's parents of a school for blind children in Boston.

"Write to the director at once, and ask him if he has a teacher who is able to take charge of your little girl," Dr. Bell advised Mr. Keller.

The letter was written, and soon came the answer that there was such a teacher. This happened in the summer of Helen's sixth year. In the month of March of the next year, the teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, left her northern home and travelled south to take charge of her new pupil.

As she drew near the house, Helen stood on the porch waiting for her coming. Something new and wonderful was going to happen; the little blind deaf-mute felt this strongly. But what could it be? Was light to come to her who lived in such darkness?

Yes, but what kind of light and what manner of happiness, she could not guess. And now strange footsteps came up the walk. Helen could not hear them, but she felt them as they touched the ground and sent waves of motion towards her. She held out

her hand, and the young girl, who was to be her dearest friend and helper in the future, reached out and clasped the blind child in her loving arms.

II — LIGHT

The next morning Miss Sullivan gave Helen a doll. The children at the School for the Blind in Boston had sent it to her. Laura Bridgman had dressed it. After Helen had played with the doll for a while, Miss Sullivan took her hand and spelled into it with her own fingers the word d-o-l-l.

It may be that you already know the deaf and dumb alphabet and would have known the word. But Helen did not understand Miss Sullivan. She thought the young girl was trying to teach her a new kind of play, and she tried to imitate it. She did not dream that those motions of the fingers had made a word which stood for the doll she had been holding in her arms.

After this Miss Sullivan taught Helen to make words which stood for different objects. But the child still

thought she was learning some new game. Several days afterwards Helen went with her teacher to the well-house. When they reached it, some one was there drawing water. Miss Sullivan took one of Helen's hands and placed it under the spout. On the other she spelled the word w-a-t-e-r, over and over again.

All at once the child understood. She had learned the sign for water! She knew now what her teacher had been trying to do before. It was not a game she had been playing with her. She had been using a language of signs, and through this the child, who had been shut away from others in darkness, was to get light — the light of knowledge.

How excited and delighted Helen was now! She wished to learn this sign language as quickly as possible. She begged in her dumb way for more and more words. Her mind was on fire to take in all her teacher could give her. When she lay down to sleep that night, she had already mastered a large number of words, and she was very happy.

Can you guess what was the next step which Helen

was to take? After she had learned to talk with her friends by means of the wonderful sign language, and could get their thoughts in the same way, she had to learn to read. Miss Sullivan now began to give the child slips of cardboard on which words were stamped in raised letters. She also gave her a frame in which these words might be arranged in sentences.

Helen would find the words which stood for different objects in the room, and then she would invent short sentences about them and set these up in the frame. She thought it was a delightful game, and she would play it for hours without getting tired.

After this it was an easy matter to learn to read books. But they were not like those from which we read. They had been made especially for blind people. The letters, which do not look at all like the ones we know, are made of straight lines, and they are raised above the page as much as the thickness of a thumb nail.

Books for the blind are heavy and thick, because the pages cannot fit closely together. You would be

interested to watch a blind person reading, as the fingers move across the page, touching one word after another very rapidly.

When Helen was eight years old she went to Boston and visited the children at the Perkins Institution for the Blind. It was the first time the child had met any one who, like herself, could not see. Her new friends read books with their fingers just as she did. They talked with her in the sign language, which she knew. They played games with her and were full of love and brightness. They very soon became like old friends.

There were older people in Boston, as well as the little children whom Helen met, who became her firm friends. During this visit to the North, Helen went to the seashore and for the first time went bathing in the ocean. The whole visit was filled with pleasure.

Helen could now talk easily with others through the sign language of the fingers. But she had not learned to speak, since she was deaf to all the sounds around her. She was doing so well in her other work that her

teacher felt that she could accomplish even this difficult task.

How was it to be done? She could get help by touching the throats and lips of others when they were talking. It was slow work, and again and again it seemed as though she could not succeed. But both she and her teacher were very patient. They would not give up, and at last the time came when Helen could speak long sentences which others could easily understand.

She was not satisfied yet. She was filled with a longing to go to college, like other girls who could see and hear. At first her friends thought this would be impossible. Most of the books which she must study had never been printed in raised type. Besides this, there would be many lectures to be heard, and Helen's ears could not help her.

But people who had plenty of money, and who heard of her wish, had the books which she would need in college printed for her in raised letters. As for the lectures, some one who could hear could sit beside her and talk the sentences into her hand. So Helen Keller

prepared for college, and, when she was nineteen years old, began her life at Radcliffe, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The work, of course, was far harder for her than for the other young women in her class; but brave and patient as ever, she kept on until she had finished her course and become a college graduate.

Mark Twain once declared that the two most interesting people of the last one hundred years are Helen Keller and the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. When others, shut out from sight and hearing, would have said: "I can go no farther," she would never let herself think of failure, but, like Napoleon, she would boldly and bravely push on. What more she will yet do we can only guess, for she is still young and strong and full of hope.

—*Mary Hazleton Wade.*

THE SINGING INSECTS

Little Umé sat on the edge of the veranda, taking coins from a tiny silk bag and spreading them out before her.

“Ichi, ni, san, shi, go,” she counted in Japanese, for she was a little Japanese girl who lived in Tokio. “Ichi, ni, san, shi, go, —” and so on up to fourteen. “Fourteen sen,” she said aloud. “If I had only one more I could buy the kind of singing insect I like best.”

“What is that?” asked her brother Tara.

“It is a kirigirisu.”

“What shall you buy, then?”

“I shall have to buy a suzumushi, and two other honorably cheap ones,” Umé told him.

“Ask the august father for one more sen,” Tara advised.

But Umé shook her head. “The august father has given me all the sen he has for me this month,” she answered.

“How do you know?”

"Because I have already asked for one more sen and that was his honorable answer."

"I have one sen which you may have if you will let me call the kirigirisu partly mine," said her brother.

"I have a black cricket that I caught in our own garden last night, and it chirps so cheerfully that I do not need to buy any other singing insect."

"It does not matter whose insect it is," said Umé, "if it only sings."

So Tara gave his sen to Umé and she went to find her little friend Tei to go with her down to the street of shops. There, among numberless other booths, the children found one where nothing but singing insects were for sale.

The insects were of different colors and sizes. Some were black, some were brown and some were bright green. The one that Umé chose looked much like a brown grasshopper.

"He sings most musically in the hours of darkness," said the insect merchant. "While you lie in your bed he will say to you, 'Tsuzuré — sasé, sasé, sasé.'"

Both little girls laughed at the words, which mean, "Torn clothes -- patch up, patch up, patch up."

"They are strange words for the honorable insect-singer," said Tei.

Each insect was in a little cage which was made of horsehair or fine strands of bamboo. The cages were of different shapes and sizes for the different kinds of insects. Some were tall and shaped like a beehive, some were oblong and others were square. Umé's kirigirisu was in a cage four inches long.

Tei also had a few sen. She looked at many insects carefully and finally chose a beautiful bright green grasshopper that made a sound like the weaving of a loom: "Ji-i-i-i, chon-chon! Ji-i-i-i, chon-chon!"

Then home trotted the two little girls with their cunning cages.

It was a very warm day and the good mother was waiting for them with cups of cold tea. She looked at the insects and smiled at the baby, who kotowed an honorable welcome to them.

"When I was a child," she said, "my unselfish

mother told me a wise story about those same two insects."

Immediately the children seated themselves.

"We will be most respectfully quiet and listen, if you will tell it to us," said Umé.

"Long, long ago," began the mother, "when Japan was young, there were two faithful and obedient daughters who supported their blind old father by the labor of their hands. The elder girl spent all her days in weaving while the other was just as industriously sewing. In that way they took faithful care of their blind father for many years.

"Finally the old man died, and so deeply did the two daughters mourn for him that soon they died also.

"One summer evening a strange sound was heard on their graves. It was a new sound that no one had ever heard before, and it was made by two little insects which were swinging and singing on a blade of grass above the place where the two daughters lay.

"On the tomb of the elder was a pretty green insect, producing sounds like those made by a girl weaving, —

‘ Ji-i-i-i, chon-cho*n*! Ji-i-i-i, chon-cho*n*!’ This was the first weaver-insect.

“ On the tomb of the younger sister was an insect which kept crying out, — ‘ Tsuzuré - sasé, sasé! Tsuzuré — sasé, sasé, sasé!’ (‘ Torn clothes — patch up, patch up! Torn clothes — patch up, patch up, patch up!’) This was the first kirigirisu.

“ Since that time these same little insects cry to every Japanese mother and daughter to work well before the cold winter days, to do all the weaving and sewing and mending and have the winter clothing ready.

“ We used to believe that the spirits of the two girls took these shapes,” she ended.

In the silence that followed the story, Tei’s little insect sang, “ Ji-i-i-i, chon-cho*n*! Ji-i-i-i, chon-cho*n*!” and Umé’s answered, “ Tsuzuré, sasé, sasé! ”

The night was creeping over the garden. The sound of the temple bells rang through the air, and little flashes of light twinkled in unexpected places.

The children gathered closer to the mother and begged for one more story before bed-time.

“ Did you ever hear of Princess Splendor? ” she asked.

“ She was a beautiful little moon-child who came down to the world hundreds of years ago. There was but one way for her to come, and that was on a silver moonbeam.

“ While she sat on a pine branch resting from her journey, a wood-cutter found her and took her to his home, where she stayed for many years.

“ But the Emperor, passing through the forest, wondered why the little brown house of the wood-cutter shone with such a wonderful glow, and when he found that it was the moon-child, he went to see her.

“ By day or by night it was just the same with the house; it always shone with the glory of the Princess Splendor.

“ Of course the Emperor wished to marry her; but he had been too late in finding her, because she was to return to her home in the moon at the end of twenty years, and the end of the twenty years had come.

“ She begged to stay with the Emperor, and began

to weep, but it was of no use. The moon-mother took her home and tried to comfort her; but her tears went on falling, and they took wings to themselves as fast as they fell.

“ Look now in the garden and you will see them. The fireflies are the golden tears of the lovely Princess Splendor.”

It was quite dark when the story was finished, and Tei jumped up. “ I must go home and show the intelligent insect to my honorable mother,” she said.

“ Tara and I will walk across the gardens with you,” Umé told her.

She reached under the veranda and drew out three bamboo lantern poles, while Tara ran for candles to put in the paper lanterns.

Soon the three lanterns went bobbing down the garden path through the dusk, and the sound of happy voices floated back to the mother, who rose and carried Baby Yuki into the house, while the temple bells were still ringing in the twilight.

— *Etta Blaisdell McDonald.*



SOON THE THREE LANTERNS WENT BOBBING DOWN THE GARDEN
PATH THROUGH THE DUSK.

SUNRISE IN JAPAN

The day unfolds like a lotus-bloom,
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
That lave night's shore.

Down bamboo stalks the sunbeams slide,
Darting like glittering elves at play,
To the thin arched grass where crickets hide
And sing all day.

The old crows caw from the camphor boughs,
They have builded there for a thousand years
Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowse
To pipe shrill fears.

A white fox creeps to his home in the hill,
A small gray ape peers up at the sun;
Crickets and sunbeams are quarrelling still;
Day has begun.

— *Mary McNeil Fenollosa.*

CHEERY PEOPLE

Oh, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them, — that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost, — to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of the cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all, — in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their best to make it dismal?

Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense.

In fact, I believe they will always be such good

friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are.

The sun on the fields makes things grow — fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best, — makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has hard work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the fields?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face.

It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know

the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and run about him just as they do in the sunshine.

And when the cheery person comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and tired, they brighten up, in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in, — only more so; for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so unhappy that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so unhappy or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along, — to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be.

If we look at life from a selfish point of view, it

would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

Men who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done.

Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn praise of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a person to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a person has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

I said if there were only a recipe — a sure and certain recipe — for making a cheery person, we would all

be glad to try it. There is no such recipe, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness could not be taught, like writing, "in twenty lessons."

Cheeriness lies so deep that no surface-rules of behavior, no description ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master it," like a trade or a study.

I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have.

But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example.

We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds — or if he minds, never says a word about — small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people.

Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh at every amusing thing, no matter how small; he has his laugh, and a good hearty laugh too, and tries to make everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor, — these are the three best traits in the cheery person.

But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which “doeth good like medicine.”

Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures

were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring, "Pray, Mr. , how do you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam — with brains," answered the painter. He spoke a truth. All men had or might have had the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors; but patience may be mere doggedness, sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish, and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love — love, three times love — do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

“ DOWN TO SLEEP ”

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie “ down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie “ down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of “ good night; ”
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie “ down to sleep.”

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE OLD IRON KETTLE

I — POVERTY

Once upon a time, in the far-off Northland, there lived a certain rich man. He had thousands of acres of farm lands, vast forests, great herds of cattle and swine, immense barns, and a large, beautiful house to live in. But the poor people who belonged to his estate and did his work were paid such small wages that they had much ado to get a living.

Among those who were bound to this rich man for life, were an old man and his old wife. While they were young and strong they had been able to save a little money, but as age crept upon them, they were forced to sell off what they had until nothing was left to sell except one fine milch-cow.

From the milk she gave they made butter and cheese, and so they were able to manage a little while longer. But they kept growing poorer and poorer, until one morning the old wife said to her husband, "Well.

father, we have scarcely anything left in the house to eat and I don't see how we are to get along unless we sell the cow."

The old man thought over the matter for a long time and then he said, "I think you are right, mother; we'll have to sell the cow."

They got up very early the next morning, and after breakfast they went to the shed where they kept the cow, and the husband untied and led her out. The wife said, "That's a very fine cow; now, don't you sell her unless you get a good sum for her. I think she is worth eighty dollars."

The man promised, and then started on his journey, leading the cow. But the market was a long way off and it was the middle of the afternoon before he came in sight of the town. Just as he did so, he was met by a stranger, who stopped him and asked where he was going with the cow.

The old man said, "To the market to sell her."

"How much do you expect to get for her?" asked the stranger.

" Seeing that she is an unusually fine cow, I think she is worth eighty dollars."

" Well, I haven't eighty dollars, but I have something that is worth eighty dollars, which I will give you for her."

At this, the stranger unbuttoned his coat and took out a little, old iron kettle with three short legs, and a big, round handle. The old man looked at it for a minute and said, " You don't think I am so foolish as to give you my cow for that old iron kettle! "

Just then the kettle spoke up: " Take me! Take me! "

" Well! " thought the man, " if the old kettle can talk like that, I'd better take it."

Giving the stranger the cow, he took the old iron kettle and started for home. It grew dark long before he arrived, and as he drew near he walked more slowly, for he remembered that his wife had told him to bring home a good sum of money for the cow, and he wondered what she might say about his bargain.

So he took the old kettle to the cow-shed and set

it down in the stall where the cow used to stand, and taking a rope, tied one end of it to the handle of the kettle and the other to the manger. Then he went into the house. His wife got his supper and after he had eaten it and she had put away the dishes, she said:

“ Well, father, did you get rid of the cow? ”

“ Y-e-e-s, I got rid of her.”

“ Did you get a good price for her? ”

The old man hardly knew what to say, but after thinking for a moment, replied, “ Come with me out to the cow-shed, and I’ll show you what I got.”

They lighted the lantern, and he took her into that part of the shed where the cow’s head was usually fastened, and holding the lantern up high, told her to look into the stall. At first she could see nothing, but when her eyes became accustomed to the dusk of the place, she saw the little, old iron kettle with its handle fastened by a rope to the manger. When she fully realized what it was, she turned to her husband: “ Do you mean to tell me that’s what you got for our cow? ”

“ Yes,” answered he, “ that’s what I got for her.”

“ Well! you are more foolish than I thought you were.”

Just then the old kettle said: “ Take me into the house and scour me up bright and put me on the fire! ”

“ My! ” exclaimed the old woman, “ if that old kettle can talk, I think we had better do as it asks.”

So they took the kettle into the house, and the next morning the old wife got out her scouring sand and made the old iron look like burnished steel. She put it on the fire, and as soon as it began to get hot, the kettle spoke up: “ I skip! I skip! ”

“ Where do you skip? ” cried out the old woman.

“ Oh, I skip to the house of the rich man! ” And, giving a big jump, the old iron kettle went out through the window, and those little, short legs went tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, down the hard road. In a minute it was at the house of the rich man, and without delay, jumped right through the window and landed upon the table.

That morning, the rich man’s wife was making a fine pudding, and she had around her all the things

that were to go into it: sugar, and flour, and butter, and raisins, and suet, — oh, just everything that goes to make a fine pudding. Lifting her eyes suddenly from her work, she saw the old iron kettle, and called out:

“ Look here, husband, at this old iron kettle, and see how bright and clean it is! Why, this is just the thing to put my pudding into! ” And so she finished mixing her pudding. Then she lifted it up and put it into the old iron kettle. As soon as she had it all in, the old kettle cried out, “ I skip! I skip! ”

“ Well! where do you skip? ” asked the rich woman, in astonishment.

“ Oh, I skip to the house of the poor man! ” And at one leap, it landed out in the middle of the road; then those little, short legs went tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, and in a moment it was back at the house of the poor man. The old wife, busy about her work, heard a racket behind her, and looking around, beheld the old iron kettle standing on the kitchen table. When she saw what was in it, she called to her husband: “ Look



SUDDENLY THE RICH MAN'S WIFE SAW THE OLD IRON KETTLE.

here, father! The old kettle has come back, and see what a fine pudding it has brought us!" Then she set the kettle over the fire, and they had the finest pudding they ever ate. It lasted two or three days.

II — PLENTY

When they had finished the pudding, the old wife scoured up the kettle again until it looked like burnished steel, and put it on the fire. As soon as it began to get hot, it spoke up: "I skip! I skip again!"

"Dear me! Where do you skip this time?" asked the old woman.

"Oh, I skip to the barn of the rich man!"

Then it jumped out into the middle of the road, and those little, short legs went tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, until it reached the barn of the rich man, and stopped in one corner of the big floor. That morning the rich man's servants were threshing out his wheat with flails, when one of them, looking up from his work, spied the old iron kettle.

"Hello, fellows!" he shouted. "Look at this old

iron kettle! I wonder how it got here! Well, no matter how it came. We can put some of this wheat in it."

So, when the men had the wheat all threshed out, they took their shovels and began to put it into the kettle. But the kettle did not get full, and they kept on shovelling until they had used up all the wheat of the rich man. As soon as it was all in, the old kettle cried, "I skip! I skip again!"

"Oh! where do you skip?" asked the servant.

"I skip to the house of the poor man!"

At once the little, short legs began to go tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, over the barn floor, out through the open door and down the hard, frozen road. "Catch it!" cried the men one to another, running after it in great haste. But no one could catch it, and in a moment the kettle was out of sight, and back at the house of the poor man.

The old husband, bending over the fire, heard a noise. Raising his head, he saw the iron kettle in the middle of the room. "Look here, mother!" he called,

“ the old kettle has come back; and see, it is filled with fine, yellow wheat! ”

They began to take the wheat from the kettle. No matter how much they took out, the kettle seemed to be as full as ever; they kept on until the whole room was nearly filled before the kettle was empty. They had enough to make them bread for eight or ten years.

The next morning, as the old couple were sitting before the kitchen fire after the breakfast dishes had been cleared away, the iron kettle suddenly spoke: “ I skip! I skip again! ”

“ Well, where can you skip to this time? ” they asked.

“ Oh, I skip to the house of the rich man! ” Then those little, short legs went tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, down the road, and in a minute the kettle was standing on a table, by a window, in the rich man’s house.

That morning the rich man was counting his treasure, and he had it all spread out on the table before him; piles of yellow gold, and great heaps of white silver, and bags and bags of small coins. The rich man looked up from his counting, saw the iron kettle at

his elbow, and said, " Hello! what a fine thing to hold my money." And so, lifting it all up, he put it into the kettle.

" I skip! I skip again! " cried the kettle, and without waiting to answer the rich man's cry of alarm, it gave a big jump into the middle of the road, and the little, short legs went tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, until it was back in the kitchen of the poor man. As it tumbled on the floor, it scattered the money in all directions, and the old husband and wife gathered it up and hid it away for safe keeping. They had enough money to last them as long as they lived.

A few days later, while the old couple were rubbing up the kettle and talking of the good fortune it had brought, suddenly it cried, " I skip! I skip again! "

" What! " said the old woman and the old man, " skipping again! Where can it be this time? "

" Oh, to the house of the rich man! " and tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, went the little, short legs over the frozen road and right into the parlor of the rich man's house. As soon as he saw the kettle standing there, the man

called: "Mother! come here! See this old iron kettle that stole your pudding, and my wheat, and all our money! Now let us make sure it does not get away this time!" Then he gave a big jump and fell upon the old kettle in the middle of the floor.

As soon as the kettle felt the rich man's arms around it, it began to wriggle. The big handle slowly crept over the rich man's head, and down under one arm, and then the kettle cried out, "I skip! I skip again!" and away it went, dragging the rich man down the middle of the road. The poor old husband and wife heard the tap, tap, tap, tap, tap of the little, short legs as they were passing the cottage, and, looking out, saw the kettle carrying the rich man away. "What are you going to do with him?" they shouted.

"I am going to take him to the North Pole." Then away it went over the ice and snow, and from that day to this, nothing has been heard of the rich man, nor has anything been seen of the old iron kettle.

—*John Harrington Cox.*

FIVE BABY MOLES

I — IN THE NURSERY

Deep down in their dark room underground the five mole babies lay fast asleep on a soft bed of leaves and grasses. The bed was not much bigger than a robin's nest. The little moles cuddled together, with their pointed pink snouts resting on one another's satiny bodies. Their little hind-feet sprawled behind them, and their big flat hands, with the pink palms turned outward, were spread close to their necks.

Presently the fattest little mole opened his black specks of eyes, though they were not of much use down there in the dark. He wriggled his pointed snout as he sniffed the air.

The faintest of breezes floated toward him through one of the round openings in the wall. It was a breeze caused by something running toward the nursery. Tiny feet came galloping nearer and nearer. There was a light rustle of fur brushing along the tunnel. It was the mother mole hurrying back from her hunting.

All the little moles jumped wide awake in an instant, when their sensitive bodies felt the quiver around them. It seemed to them that the earth shook under the mother's pattering feet. Of course they were not afraid, because they knew from the smell who was coming. And then, just as soon as they smelled the worm that she was carrying in her mouth, they began to tumble over one another to snatch at it.

The greedy young ones shoved and pushed and fought as if they were starving. They pulled at the worm with their claws, and snipped off bits with their sharp teeth. Even after it was all eaten they went nosing around in the dark and squeaked for more.

The fattest little fellow crawled so far into one of the tunnels that he almost slipped into the tiny well, which the parent moles had dug when they made this underground home.

The poor old mother lay down to rest for a few minutes. It seemed as if she did not have time to eat or sleep since the babies had cut their teeth and learned

to eat worms. They were always hungry. As for herself, though the old father helped her hunt, she was really growing thinner every day. The young moles were six weeks old now, and it was time that they learned to hunt for themselves.

The babies were eager enough to learn to dig and hunt. They were tired of staying in that dark nursery, even if it was so comfortable, with its domed roof and soft, dry bed. Perhaps they wished to poke their heads above ground just once and find out what the world was like. They did not know the difference between day and night yet, for where they lived it was always dark.

When at last the five young moles started out to learn to dig, they followed the mother in single file along the main tunnel. This main tunnel was long and straight. Its walls were pressed smooth by the bodies of the old moles in their many journeys to and fro. Branching off in every direction from the main road there were side tracks, zigzagging and curving hither and thither. These side tracks had been dug

by the parents when they were chasing worms or hunting for grubs and beetles.

The babies scampered on to the end of the main tunnel. There the ground happened to be soft enough for their claws. They crowded against one another, and squeaked, and twitched their short tails impatiently. Their pink snouts were already bending and twisting in eagerness to be a-digging.

The fattest little fellow was in such a hurry to begin that he did not wait to be told. He nosed along the wall till he found a good place to start. Then planting his small hind-feet down flat, to brace himself, he set his tough snout against the dirt and pushed as hard as he could. At the same time he dug his claws into the wall, and shovelled away with both his big broad hands.

There they went -- the five babies -- digging five little tunnels in five different directions. The dirt flew thick and fast as they shovelled it out and tossed it aside. But the specks of eyes were safely hidden under the fur, and the invisible ears and nostrils were kept closely covered, too. When the dirt clung to

their satiny gray fur they shook it off clean with a quick shrug of the skin. The hairs of the fur grew straight out, and so it made no difference whether it was rubbed one way or another. It was never rough.

It must have been fun to go scrambling through earth almost as birds fly through air or fishes swim through water. The moles had such tough snouts and strong arms and powerful hands that they could burrow better than any of the other mammals.

One little mole burrowed on until his arms were so tired that he gave it up. He crept backward down his new tunnel to the spot where the old mother was waiting. Another kept on digging faster and faster till he ran his pink snout bump against a stone, and almost made it bleed.

A third pushed on and on until he reached a patch of slimy mud that caved in over his back and sent his feet slipping and sprawling. The fourth dug till he came plump upon a fat white grub curled among some roots of grass. The little mole gave a jump and gobbled it down quick as a wink.

The fattest baby burrowed farther and farther until he felt the soil crumbling above him. Something warm was shining on his gray fur. He lifted his head and poked his long snout up into the sunlight. He blinked his twinkling, tiny eyes and sniffed the strange fresh air.

But he stayed there only for a minute, because he did not like it the least bit. The light dazzled him, and the warmth dried his cool, pink hands and made his head ache and his snout twitch uneasily. So after that one disagreeable minute he turned and kicked up his little hind-feet as he dived back into the moist, cool, dark, delightful places underground.

II — HAPPY HUNTING

After this first lesson in digging the five young moles were running in and out of the nursery every few hours, night and day. It was easy enough to burrow away in search of the stupid white grubs or the beetles lying sleepy and still in the soil; but it was harder and much more exciting to hunt earthworms,

because they always tried to wiggle off as fast as they could go.

Then how the dirt flew as the little hunter burrowed madly in pursuit! Now in this direction, now in that, he chased, pushing with his snout and tearing with his claws. Once in a while he stopped quiet to listen, and feel the ground for the faint quivering caused by the worm in its squirming hither and thither.

An hour or so of such lively work was enough to tire even a stout young mole. After eating what he had caught, sometimes he ran back to take a nap on the soft bed in the nursery. Sometimes he lay down in the main tunnel to rest; but that was not so pleasant, for it seemed as if one or another of his brothers and sisters was forever trying to scramble over him.

The busiest time for hunting was at night, or in the early morning, because then the worms began to move about after lying quiet all day. In dry weather the worms went deeper into the ground to find moisture. In wet weather they wriggled toward the surface, swallowing bits of dirt as they went. The little moles

liked rain best because it was much easier to push through the light soil above than to tunnel through the hard ground below.

After the young ones learned to hunt for their own food it was not long before they had found and eaten every worm and grub and beetle anywhere near. The old and new tunnels ran in every direction, curving, zigzagging, and criss-crossing through the ground. There was hardly a spot of solid earth under all the grass in that meadow.

Now and then, on cool nights, the whole hungry family crept outside and prowled about, looking for lizards, snails, or frogs. Once in a while one of them found a dead bird or mouse or snake. He sprang on it and tore it to pieces in an instant. The moles always ate as if they were starving. Drawing back their heads and hunching their backs they stuffed the food into their mouths with their clawed hands.

As summer passed on, the young moles began to grow discontented. They were tired of staying at home. They were too big to crowd into the nest in

the nursery. Whenever two met in any of the narrow tunnels one had to back into a side track to let the other pass.

The water was stagnant in the wells. Food was getting more and more scarce. Many a time there was a sound of scratching and fighting in the long dark halls of that underground home.

Soon each little mole began to think of having a home of his own, where there would be nobody else to crowd him, or quarrel with him, or snatch the best of everything to eat. So presently, one by one, they wandered away to find pleasanter places.

One prowled into a garden, and tunnelled ridges all over the green lawn. One stumbled into a pond, but he did not drown, for he could swim with his webbed feet. He swam across to a small island and dug his house under a bank where he could catch plenty of frogs.

The three others strolled into a field that had been freshly ploughed. The soil was not wet nor hard nor stony, but just what they liked best. Each one chose

a corner, and ran his main tunnel from end to end of the space to be used for his hunting-ground.

The five new homes were much like the old one. Each had a domed underground room with a nest of leaves and grasses in it, and several outlets to allow escape in case of danger. Each had one or more main tunnels, with smooth-pressed sides and many zigzag side tracks leading in all directions. Each one had tiny wells of water, and little storerooms for the winter supply of earthworms.

When winter came, and the ground was frozen hard above, each little mole, alone by himself, dived down into his safe, deep nest and stayed there till early spring softened the soil. Then, livelier than ever, he shovelled his way out to the surface to find a mate. Soon in every pleasant little home under the ground there was a new family of soft, round babies, with their specks of eyes deep hidden in their satiny gray fur.

— *Julia Augusta Schwartz.*

SONG OF THE FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 These be rubies, fairy favors —
 In those freckles live their savors.
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

— *William Shakespeare.*

THE PERSIMMON TREE

The persimmon tree always makes me think of a little brownie who had the meddler disease, and I must not forget to tell you about him. The meddler disease was considered by the fairies to be quite as bad as the lazy disease, though it was just the opposite kind of trouble.

You see, while the lazy disease made you lie in bed and yawn all the time and wish to do nothing at all, the meddler disease kept you moving all the time, and always going into things that were none of your business.

The bees had already tried to teach this little brownie a lesson by leaving their sharp stings in his fingers for meddling with their honey. And the wasps had tried to teach him a lesson, too, about meddling with their wonderfully-made houses.

It was said that even the billy-goat had taken a hand in trying to teach this brownie to stop meddling with other people's affairs, but he would not stop.

By and by the orchard princess went to the queen of the fairies one night, and told her that some one — she knew not who — was meddling with the orchard trees.

It was in the spring, when all the trees were so busy trying to grow large, luscious fruit. They had spent weeks and weeks nursing the baby buds and blossoms into green fruit, and now, before they could ripen the fruit, ready to eat, the orchard princess found the baby pears, peaches, and plums lying all over the grass under the trees — each with the print of somebody's tooth in it.

When the fairy queen heard about the green fruit being pulled off she was very sorry indeed.

“The first thing to be done,” she said, “is to find out who it is that is troubling the trees. Have you any idea?”

But the orchard fairy shook her head. “I think it must be the little brownie who has the meddler disease,” she replied; “but I am not sure.”

“Then we will find out,” said the fairy queen.

So calling two of her fairies to her, she changed one into a green caterpillar and the other into a bluebird and sent them into the orchard to watch. They had not watched very long, when, sure enough, this very same little brownie with the meddler disease hopped over the orchard fence and began climbing the trees, biting the fruit to see if it were ripe, and then throwing it on the ground.

“And now,” said the fairy queen to the orchard princess, when she heard about it, “we must try and cure this little meddler brownie before he grows any worse, or he will spoil the fruit crop for the earth-children every year, and they will have neither pears, plums, nor apples to eat. Something must be done at once.”

And so the queen and her fairies gathered together and talked and talked about the best way to cure the little brownie of his troublesome disease.

Some of them thought it might be a good idea to let the spiders spin a web-bag all around him so he couldn't get out to go to the trees. Others thought

it would be a good thing to tie a block to his foot so he could not climb over the orchard fence.

But the fairy queen was wiser than all the fairies, and she shook her head at these plans.

“ No, I hardly think that will really cure the little brownie of his disease. We do not wish to tie him so he cannot go to the trees, but we want to manage so that he will not wish to meddle with the trees — that is the best cure,” said the fairy queen.

She thought for a few moments longer, and then she smiled and said, “ Come, I have a plan now. I had almost forgotten about a strange seed Old Mother Nature gave me the last time she was here — a persimmon seed which has never yet been planted on the earth.

“ This tree bears a fruit which will surely cure the little brownie if he dares eat it before it is ripe. We will plant it at once.”

So with the band of fairies dancing after her, the fairy queen led the way, and in the midst of the orchard trees they planted the strange persimmon seed.

Now, as the queen wanted the tree to be growing in the orchard the next morning when the little meddler brownie visited the trees, she blew some of her magic fairy-dust over the spot where the seed had been planted, and a very wonderful thing happened.

Up, up, up, the persimmon tree grew, taller and larger than any other tree in the orchard, with every limb full of fine, green fruit, larger than that on any other tree. Then the fairies tripped away.

The next morning, when the little meddler brownie climbed over the fence, he saw the new tree the very first thing, and he ran toward it, singing:

“ Mi, mi, me, ne, O!

Why haven't I seen that tree before! ”

Then he pulled the biggest persimmon he could find, popped it into his mouth and began to chew. It was a bitter dose, and the little brownie tried his best to spit it out, but the queer thing about it was that he could not spit it out, so there was nothing to do but to keep on chewing until it was all gone.

And then when he had swallowed it, why, his mouth was all shrivelled up on the inside, and when he tried to straighten out the outside of his face, it seemed as if it had been frozen into shrivelled-up wrinkles, and he couldn't straighten a single wrinkle out. So there he was, with his mouth puckered inside, and the right side of his face all wrinkled outside.

But the meddler disease is a hard disease to cure, and the very next morning the little brownie was back in the orchard as before, and when he saw the new tree again, the green persimmons were no longer there, but in their place hung large, golden-yellow persimmons, as round and smooth as could be.

Again the little meddler brownie ran quickly across the grass to the tree, singing:

“ Mi, mi, me, ne, O!

Why haven't I seen that fruit before! ”

He scrambled up the tree and popped a big yellow persimmon into his mouth. He thought because the persimmon was yellow it surely must be ripe.

But the little brownie was very much mistaken indeed, for the dose was as bitter as the first, and spit it out he could not, so he had to chew and chew, as before, until it was all gone, and then, — why, the left side of his cheek was all shrivelled up, too.

That wasn't any fun, I can tell you, and though the little brownie smoothed and smoothed, and tried his very best to straighten out his wrinkled face, he could not do it, and now he looked more like a shrivelled-up potato than anything else.

For the first time in his whole life the little brownie began to feel ashamed that he was such a foolish little meddlesome brownie, and he decided he would stop meddling with things that were not his; then, as he didn't know what else to do, he sat on the grass at the foot of the tree and began to cry.

It was then that the orchard princess felt sorry for the miserable little brownie and came from behind the tree where she had been watching him all along.

“ Why are you crying, little brownie? ” she asked.
 “ Can I help you? ”

“ Oh, if you would only straighten out my face! ”
cried the little brownie.

“ Mi, mi, me, ne, O!

I never was in such a fix before.”

“ I wish I could straighten your face for you,”
replied the orchard princess, “ but I cannot. I fear
you have the meddler disease, and it has settled in
your face from eating green fruit. Why do you meddle
with things that are not yours? ”

“ Oh, I do not know,” said the little brownie, “ but
I never shall again. Tell me what will cure me; do
please.”

“ A ripe persimmon is the only thing that can cure
you and straighten out your face,” said the orchard
princess. “ The fruit you have been eating is from a
tree sometimes called the meddler’s tree. Its fruit is
first green, then yellow, and at last a beautiful orange-
red.

“ It is only then that the fruit is fit to eat; so mellow
and sweet are the luscious persimmons then, that

just one mouthful will part your lips into smiles. But until that time when the persimmons are fully ripe, you will have to wait for your face to be straightened out, — eat but one then and you shall be cured.”

Then, all in a twinkle, the orchard princess was gone.

Well, it was a long weary time for the little brownie to wait, — with his face all shrivelled up, too — because persimmons do not ripen from yellow to orange-red until the frost fairies sprinkle their powder over them, and the frost fairies do not put themselves out to hurry for a little meddlesome brownie, I can tell you.

But while he did wait the little brownie had plenty of time to learn his lesson well, and that pleased the fairy queen very much.

He visited the orchard every day, to be sure, but only to watch for the ripe orange-red persimmons, and not once was the little brownie known to meddle with anything else.

But one morning he was made very, very happy indeed, for when he awoke he found that the frost

fairies had surprised him in the night and sprinkled their white powder everywhere.

How the little brownie did skip and hop to the tree, singing:

“ Mi, mi, me, ne, O!

Never was I so happy before! ”

And sure enough, the tree hung full of luscious ripe persimmons, of orange-red, and when the little brownie pulled and ate one it was so sweet and delicious, why, the little brownie laughed out loud, and all in a twinkle —

He was cured of the ugly meddler disease!

And how glad he was to have his face straightened out once more!

So now you know why the persimmon tree has her fruit in three colors — green, yellow, and orange-red. It is the way she has of fooling meddlers.

— *Madge A. Bigham.*

APRIL

Hark! upon the east wind, piping, creeping,
 Comes a voice all clamorous with despair;
 It is April, crying sore and weeping,
 O'er the chilly earth, so brown and bare.

"When I went away," she murmurs, sobbing,
 "All my violet-banks were starred with blue;
 Who, oh, who has been here, basely robbing
 Bloom and odor from the fragrant crew?

"Who has reft the robin's hidden treasure, —
 All the speckled spheres he loved so well?
 And the buds which danced in merry measure
 To the chiming of the hyacinth's bell?

.

"All are vanished, and my heart is breaking;
 And my tears they slowly drip and fall;
 Only death could listen without waking
 To the grief and passion of my call!"



APRIL

Thus she plaineth. Then ten million voices,
 Tiny, murmurous, like drops of rain,
 Raised in song as when the wind rejoices,
 Ring the answer, " We are here again.

" We were hiding, April. Did you miss us?
 None of us were really gone away;
 Stoop thy pretty head and gently kiss us
 Once before we all come out to play.

" Here are all the clustering buds of roses,
 And the dandelion's mimic sun;
 Of thy much-beloved and vanished posies
 None are missing, not a single one! "

Little points of green push out to greet her,
 Little creepers grasp her garment's hem,
 Hidden sweetnesss grow ever sweeter
 As she bends and brightly smiles at them.

— *Susan Coolidge.*

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

I — “ LEND - A - HAND ”

If you leave the eastern coast of the United States and sail northward, you will come by and by to the bleak and lonely peninsula of Labrador. It is swept by cold winds from the ocean nearly all the year, while icebergs, from their home in the far north, come floating down along its shores. These icebergs take on many strange shapes, and show such beautiful colors when the sun is shining upon them that they must often seem like fairy palaces to the boys and girls of Labrador.

The parents of these children are very poor. They get their living by fishing, and when the short summer's "catch" is bad, they and their little ones must suffer during the long, cold winter that follows.

There are no roads through that country, no towns, no telephones. Saddest of all, until a few years ago, along the whole coast there was no physician who

could drive away the burning fever from a sick child, or set the broken bones of those who met with accidents.

Now things are quite different and it is because of the loving deeds of one man, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who crossed the ocean to make his home in that bleak country, and who works day after day, and often night after night, that he may bring happiness and health to the people of Labrador and their children.

When Dr. Grenfell was a boy he lived in England. There he went to school and college, and afterwards learned to be a surgeon by working among the sick in a great London hospital.

One night he went to hear the preaching of an American minister, Mr. Dwight Moody. This minister's words set him thinking so deeply that he made up his mind that he would work for others and not himself: it was the only way to be happy, he felt sure.

At that time there were many poor fishermen in the North Sea who needed help. So Dr. Grenfell went there first. He stayed there until others came to carry on his work.

Then he thought of another place where he was needed much more. It was Labrador and the nearby coast of Newfoundland. Dr. Grenfell knew how long and bitter the winter was, what dreadful storms raged there, and how poor and cheerless were the homes of the people. But there was a chance to do good and to drive away pain, and he was glad to take it. So one day this good man appeared on the coast of Labrador to begin his work.

It is no wonder that he was kept busy as soon as he began his new life. There were three thousand miles of coast along which the huts of the fishermen were scattered, sometimes a hundred or more miles apart. A physician might be needed at any time in one of these lonely homes.

In the summer season Dr. Grenfell could sail along these shores in his little steamer, stopping wherever a signal was raised. But even then there was danger, for thick fogs often settled down quite suddenly, and hid from sight the steep crags jutting out into the sea.

Then there was often an iceberg lying in the path-

way of the steamer. Its course must be watched carefully lest it bear down upon the boat and crush it before it could get out of the way. Fierce gales, too, would sometimes arise and the boat would be tossed about on the waves like a feather.

Little did Dr. Grenfell care for these dangers! He was too busy and happy carrying help to those who needed it.

The winter season was far worse, when the waters along the shore were frozen over, and the steamer was useless. The only way to travel then was by means of a sledge drawn by a pack of dogs.

As the cold days set in, Dr. Grenfell went to work to make such a sledge, a "komatik" as the Eskimos call it. The sledge was carved out of the trunk of an old spruce tree and shod with a part of the jaw-bone of a whale. No nails were needed, for the parts were bound together with thongs made out of the skin of a seal which Dr. Grenfell had shot with his rifle.

Of course, when the sledge was finished it must have a name. What better could be chosen than

“Lend-a-hand,” for was it not to carry help to those who were in need?

And so “Lend-a-hand” started out on its good work, and if it could only speak, it might tell many a story of rides over gleaming snow-fields, of falls over steep, ice-covered crags, of unexpected dashes out over the half-frozen waters along the shores; yes, and of sudden burials beneath avalanches of snow that took away the breath, both of the dogs and their master.

As you may remember, there are no roads in Labrador. The driver can find his way only by means of trails. Such trails in the lands of the frozen North are quite different from those which the Indians made long ago through the fields and forests of this country.

Suppose a traveller in his dog-team tramples out a pathway through the drifts of snow that spread over the land as far as eye can see. The fierce wind follows close after, and in a few minutes there is no track left of either man or dog. Thus the only way to mark out a safe path is by means of tall poles set into the earth.

The Labrador dogs are trained so that they watch for these poles, and scarcely need to be guided by their master, as they dash along through the icy air, going mile after mile without stopping or turning out of the course they are to follow.

II — A FRIEND IN NEED

Dr. Grenfell's dog-team has a busy life carrying its master through the wild country. Perhaps you would like to hear of the way he and a friend spent one winter night. They were about to start out on a long ride to see a sick priest; the dogs had just finished their supper of whale-meat, and were tugging at their traces to be off, when an excited young man drove up to the door.

“ My boy has broken his leg,” he said. “ Can you come over right away and see him? ”

It was fast growing dark, the night was bitter cold, and the ride would be long, yet the doctor did not think of refusing. After a hearty supper he wrapped himself in his big fur coat, and untying the dogs, he

and his friend jumped into the “ Lend-a-hand ” and were off.

Away into the darkness went the sledge and its riders, while the excited dogs, glad to be once more on the trail, dashed wildly on their way.

It was a rough journey, and more than once Dr. Grenfell felt that the boy’s leg might not be the only one broken, as the sledge went suddenly down, down, over a steep and rocky hillside, and landed him breathless, far below.

But at last he arrived safe and sound at the man’s doorway. Such a poor little hut as it was, so cold and bare! It had scarcely any furniture save a small stove in which the smouldering wood was trying hard to give out a feeble heat.

On a rude bench lay a six-year-old boy who turned large, frightened eyes toward the doctor as he opened the door. The good physician, wrapped in his frosty fur coat, must have looked like a big kindly bear.

Not a moment could be lost, for the little boy was in great pain. The doctor went to work at once. He

cleared a place on the floor, found a board and scraped the ice from it, and then made a box-splint in which to place the poor broken leg. An hour passed before the splint was finished, while the boy lay waiting in his father's arms, dozing now and then, only to wake with a cry of pain.

When all was ready, Dr. Grenfell set the broken bone, and made the boy comfortable for the night. Then he stretched himself out on the floor to get the sleep he needed so much before he should start out on another errand of mercy.

When he awoke, the first rays of light were glimmering through the little window, and the boy on the cot was smiling cheerfully and patting the head of one of the dogs.

In a short time the physician and his friend had left the hut far behind, and were racing along in the sledge over the ice hummocks to visit the sick priest many miles away.

Hour after hour they travelled, while all the time the snow was falling faster and faster, and piling up

great drifts through which the dogs had hard work to make their way. At last Dr. Grenfell saw that it was impossible to keep on any longer, and he stopped at the next house.

Here the travellers were made welcome by the man and his wife. Their wet clothes were hung up to dry. An eider duck was set cooking over the fire, and the one mattress which the house afforded was placed on the floor before the blazing logs.

The next morning the snow was piled so high about the house that the host had to climb out of a window in the loft to dig a path in front of the door. Then the dogs were routed out of the snow burrows in which they had slept soundly. They were once more harnessed to the sledge, and after another long journey through the drifting snow, the doctor reached the sick priest in time to give him help and cheer.

Do you wonder that Dr. Grenfell gave the name of "Lend-a-hand" to his dog-sledge, when it takes him on such errands of mercy in this dreary Labrador?

He has built hospitals, too, on those bleak and lonely

shores; and has made the people in America and England so much interested in his work, that they have not only given money to build these hospitals, but have sent nurses to care for the sick and suffering.

Dr. Grenfell has written and talked so much about his little Labrador friends, that many boys and girls in the United States send Christmas letters and presents to their brothers and sisters in the cold northern land. These boxes are sent in the summer and early fall, as the homes of the children are scattered far and wide and it takes a long time to distribute the gifts.

On Christmas morning there are joyful faces when real dollies with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, trains of cars, and toy tea-sets, are spread out before the eyes of the little ones.

One of the most useful presents Dr. Grenfell has given to the people of Labrador is the herd of reindeer which were sent all the way from Norway. They thrive as well in one cold country as the other, and they are especially valuable for the fresh milk which the little children need so much.

It would be hard to tell all the things which keep Dr. Grenfell busy through the year. He cares for the sick along the three thousand miles of coast. He sets broken arms and legs, and pulls out aching teeth. He orders wooden legs for cripples. He carries food and clothing to those who are in need.

During the summer he navigates his little steamer as it makes its way along the rough and rocky shore. Sometimes he has to leave it and row for miles in an open boat. Through the long cold winter he rides over the country in his dog-sledge, bringing help to the sick and suffering.

He visits his hospitals along the coast, and looks after the shops and stores which he has set up to give the people work. There are lending libraries, too, for he knows that books are sure to bring pleasure to both old and young.

All these things and many more Dr. Grenfell is doing for the people of Labrador. Thus, in working for others, he finds his greatest happiness.

— *Mary Hazleton Wade.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
 Shining with all his might:
 He did his very best to make
 The billows smooth and bright —
 And this was odd, because it was
 The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done —
 “ It’s very rude of him,” she said,
 “ To come and spoil the fun! ”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
 The sands were dry as dry.
 You could not see a cloud, because
 No cloud was in the sky:
 No birds were flying overhead —
 There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand,
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it would be grand! ”

“ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they would get it clear? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
 But never a word he said:
 The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
 And shook his heavy head —
 Meaning to say he did not choose
 To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
 All eager for the treat:
 Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
 Their shoes were clean and neat —
 And this was odd, because, you know,
 They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
 And yet another four;
 And thick and fast they came at last,
 And more, and more, and more —
 All hopping through the frothy waves,
 And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Walked on a mile or so,

And then they rested on a rock

Conveniently low:

And all the little Oysters stood

And waited in a row.

“ The time has come,” the Walrus said,

“ To talk of many things:

Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —

Of cabbages — and kings —

And why the sea is boiling hot —

And whether pigs have wings.”

“ But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,

“ Before we have our chat;

For some of us are out of breath,

And all of us are fat! ”

“ No hurry! ” said the Carpenter.

They thanked him much for that.

“ A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,

“ Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed —

Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed.”

“ But not on us! ” the Oysters cried,

Turning a little blue.

“ After such kindness, that would be

A dismal thing to do! ”

“ The night is fine,” the Walrus said.

“ Do you admire the view?

“ It was so kind of you to come!

And you are very nice! ”

The Carpenter said nothing but

“ Cut us another slice.

I wish you were not quite so deaf —

I’ve had to ask you twice! ”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,

“ To play them such a trick.

After we’ve brought them out so far,

And made them trot so quick! ”

The Carpenter said nothing but

“ The butter’s spread too thick! ”

“ I weep for you,” the Walrus said;

“ I deeply sympathize.”

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

“ O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,

“ You’ve had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again? ”

But answer came there none —

And this was scarcely odd, because

They’d eaten every one.

— *Lewis Carroll.*

THE CANDY COUNTRY

I — BARLEY-SUGAR AND BONBONS

“I shall take mamma’s red sun-umbrella, it is so warm, and none of the children at school will have one like it,” said Lily, one day, as she went through the hall.

“The wind is very high; I’m afraid you’ll be blown away if you carry that big thing,” called Nurse from the window, as the red umbrella went bobbing down the garden walk with a small girl under it.

“I wish it would; I always wanted to go up in a balloon,” answered Lily, as she struggled out of the gate.

She got on very well till she came to the bridge and stopped to look over the railing at the water running by so fast, and the turtles sunning themselves on the rocks. Lily was fond of throwing stones at them; it was so funny to watch them tumble, heels over head, splash into the water.

Now, when she saw three big fellows close by, she stooped for a stone, and just at that minute a gale of wind nearly took the umbrella out of her hand. She clutched it fast; and away she went like a thistle-down, right up in the air, over rivers and hills, houses and trees, faster and faster, till her head spun round, her breath was all gone, and she had to let go.

The dear red umbrella flew away like a leaf; and Lily fell down, down, till she went crash into a tree which grew in such a curious place that she forgot her fright as she sat looking about her, wondering what part of the world it could be.

The tree looked as if it were made of glass or colored sugar; for she could see through the red cherries, the green leaves, and the brown branches. An agreeable smell met her nose; and she said at once, as any child would, "I smell candy!" She picked a cherry and ate it. Oh, how good it was! — all sugar and no stone.

The next discovery was such a delightful one that she nearly fell off the branch; for by touching her tongue here and there, she found that the whole tree

was made of candy. Think what fun to sit and break off twigs of barley-sugar, candied cherries, and leaves that tasted like peppermint and sassafras!

Lily rocked and ate till she finished the top of the little tree; then she climbed down and strolled along, making more surprising and agreeable discoveries as she went.

What looked like snow under her feet was white sugar; the rocks were lumps of chocolate, the flowers of all colors and tastes; and every sort of fruit grew on these delightful trees. Little white houses soon appeared; and here lived the dainty candy-people, all made of the best sugar, and painted to look like real people.

Dear little men and women, looking as if they had stepped off of wedding cakes and bonbons, went about in their gay sugar clothes, laughing and talking in the sweetest voices. Bits of babies rocked in open-work cradles, and sugar boys and girls played with sugar toys in the most natural way. Carriages rolled along the streets, drawn by the red and yellow barley horses



SUGAR BIRDS SANG IN THE TREES.

we all love so well; candy cows fed in the green fields,
and sugar birds sang in the trees.

Lily listened, and in a moment she understood what
the song said, —

“ Sweet! Sweet!
Come, come and eat,
For here you’ll find
Sweets to your mind.
On every tree
Sugar-plums you’ll see;
In every dell
Grows the caramel.
Over every wall
Gum-drops fall;
Molasses flows
Where our river goes.
So, little dear,
Pray feel no fear;
Go where you will;
Eat, eat your fill.”

"That is the most interesting song I ever heard," said Lily, clapping her sticky hands and dancing along toward a fine palace of white cream-candy, with pillars of striped peppermint stick, and a roof of frosting that made it look like the Milan Cathedral.

"I'll live here, and eat candy all day long, with no tiresome school or patchwork to spoil my fun," said Lily.

So she ran up the chocolate steps into the pretty rooms, where all the chairs and tables were of different colored candies, and the beds of spun sugar. A fountain of lemonade supplied drink; and floors of ice-cream that never melted kept people and things from sticking together, as they would have done had it been warm.

For a long while Lily was quite happy, going about tasting so many different kinds of sweeties, talking to the little people, who were very amiable, and finding out curious things about them and their country.

A lime-drop boy and a little pink checkerberry girl soon became her favorite playmates; and they had fine times making mud-pies by scraping the chocolate

rocks and mixing this dust with honey from the wells near by. These they could eat; and Lily thought this much better than throwing away the pies, as she had to do at home.

They had candy-pulls very often, and made swings of long loops of molasses candy, and bird's nests with almond eggs, out of which came birds who sang sweetly. They played football with big bull's-eyes, sailed in sugar boats on lakes of syrup, fished in rivers of molasses, and rode the barley horses all over the country.

Lily discovered that it never rained, but snowed white sugar. There was no sun, as it would have been too hot: but a large yellow lozenge made a nice moon, and red and white comfits were the stars.

But by and by, when she had seen everything, and eaten so much sweet stuff that at last she longed for plain bread and butter, she began to get cross, as children always do when they live on candy; and the little people wished she would go away, for they were afraid of her. No wonder, when she would catch up a dear sugar baby and eat him, or break some respectable

old grandmamma all into bits because she reproved her for her naughty ways.

Lily calmly sat down on the biggest house, crushing it flat, and even tried to poke the moon out of the sky one day. The king ordered her to go home; but she said, "I won't!" and bit his head off, crown and all.

Such a wail went up at this awful deed that she ran away out of the city.

II — CAKES AND COOKIES

"I suppose I shall get somewhere if I keep walking; and I can't starve, though I hate the sight of the horrid candy," Lily said to herself, as she hurried over the mountains of "Gibraltar Rock" that divided the city of Saccharissa from the great desert of brown sugar that lay beyond.

Lily marched bravely on for a long time, and saw at last a great smoke in the sky, smelled a spicy smell, and felt a hot wind blowing toward her.

She crept carefully along till she saw a settlement

of little huts very like mushrooms, for they were made of cookies set on lumps of the brown sugar; and queer people, looking as if they were made of gingerbread, were working very busily around several stoves which seemed to bake at a great rate.

“ I’ll creep nearer and see what sort of people they are before I show myself,” said Lily, going into a grove of spice-trees, and sitting down on a stone which proved to be a plummy sort of cake.

Presently one of the tallest men came striding toward the trees with a pan, evidently after spice; and before Lily could run, he saw her.

“ Hello, what do you want? ” he asked, staring at her with his black currant eyes, while he briskly picked the bark off a cinnamon-tree.

“ I’m travelling, and would like to know what place this is, if you please,” answered Lily, very politely, being a little frightened.

“ Cake-land. Where do you come from? ” asked the gingerbread man, in a crisp tone of voice.

“ I was blown into the Candy Country, and have

been there a long time; but I got tired of it, and ran away to find something better."

"Sensible child!" and the man smiled till Lily thought his cheeks would crumble. "You'll get on better here with us Brownies than with the lazy Bonbons, who never work and are all for show. They won't own us, though we are all related through our grandparents Sugar and Molasses. We are busy folks; so they turn up their noses and don't speak when we meet at parties. Poor creatures, silly and sweet and unsubstantial! I pity 'em."

"Could I make you a visit? I'd like to see how you live, and what you do. I'm sure it must be interesting," said Lily, picking herself up after a tumble, having eaten nearly all the stone, she was so hungry.

"Yes, of course. Come on! I can talk while I work." And the funny gingerbread man trotted off toward his kitchen, which was full of pans, rolling-pins, and molasses jugs.

"Sit down. I shall be at leisure as soon as this batch is baked. There are still some wise people down

below who like gingerbread, and I have my hands full," he said, dashing about, stirring, rolling out, and slapping the brown dough into pans, which he whisked into the oven and out again so fast that Lily knew there must be magic about it somewhere.

Every now and then he threw her a delicious cooky, warm from the oven. She liked the queer fellow, and presently began to talk, being very curious about this country.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Ginger Snap."

Lily thought it a good one; for he was very quick, and she fancied he could be short and sharp if he liked.

"Where does all this cake go?" she asked, after watching the other kitchens full of workers, who were all of different kinds of cake, and each set of cooks made its own sort.

"I'll show you by and by," answered Snap, beginning to pile up the heaps of gingerbread on a little car that ran along a track leading to some unknown storeroom, Lily thought.

“ Don’t you get tired of doing this all the time? ”

“ Yes; but I want to be promoted, and I never shall be till I’ve done my best, and won the prize here.”

“ Oh, tell me about it! What is the prize, and how are you promoted? Is this a cooking-school? ”

“ Yes; the prize for the best gingerbread is a cake of condensed yeast. That will make me rise till I am able to go over the hills yonder into the blessed land of bread, and be one of the happy creatures who are always wholesome, always needed, and without which the world below would be in a bad way.”

“ Bless me! that is the queerest thing I’ve heard yet. But I don’t wonder you want to go; I’m tired of sweets myself, and long for a good piece of bread, though I used to want cake and candy at home.”

“ Ah, my dear, you’ll learn a good deal here; and you are lucky not to have got into the clutches of Giant Dyspepsia, who always gets people if they eat too much of such rubbish and scorn wholesome bread. I leave my ginger behind when I go, and get white and round and beautiful, as you will see.

"The Gingerbread family have never been as foolish as some of the other cakes. Wedding is the worst; such extravagance in the way of wine and spice and fruit I never saw, and such a mess to eat when it's done! I don't wonder people get sick; serves 'em right." And Snap flung down a pan with such a bang that it made Lily jump.

"I wish you'd teach me to cook. It looks great fun, and mamma wants me to learn; only our cook hates to have me mess around, and is so cross that I don't like to try at home," she said as she watched Snap work.

"Better wait till you get to Bread-land, and learn to make that. It's a great art, and worth knowing. Don't waste your time on cake, though plain gingerbread isn't bad to have in the house. I'll teach you that in a jiffy, if the clock doesn't strike my hour too soon," answered Snap.

"What hour?"

"Why, of my freedom. I never know when I've done my task till I'm called by the chimes and go to

get the yeast," said Snap, turning his currant eyes anxiously to the clock.

"I hope you will have time." And Lily fell to work with all her might, after Snap had given her a paper apron and cap like his.

It was not hard; for when she was going to make a mistake a spark flew out of the fire and burned her in time to remind her to look at the receipt, which was a sheet of gingerbread in a frame of pie-crust hung up before her, with the directions written while it was soft and baked in. The third sheet she made came out of the oven spicy, light, and brown; and Snap, giving it one poke, said, "That's all right. Now you know. Here's your reward."

He handed her a receipt-book made of thin sheets of sugar-gingerbread held together by a gelatine binding, with her name stamped on the back, and each leaf crimped with a cake-cutter in the most elegant manner.

Lily was charmed with it, but had no time to read all it contained; for just then the clock began to strike, and a chime of bells rang.

III — MUFFINS AND BREAD

“ Ha, ha! I’m free! I’m free!” cried Snap, catching up the silver-covered square that seemed to fall from the sky; and, running to a great white sea of flour, he went in head first, holding the yeast-cake clasped to his breast as if his life depended on it.

Lily watched breathlessly, while a curious working and bubbling went on, as if Snap were tumbling about down there like a small earthquake. The other cake-folk stood around the shore with her; for it was a great event, and all were glad that the dear fellow was promoted so soon. Suddenly a cry was heard, and up rose a beautiful white figure on the farther side of the sea. It moved its hand, as if saying “ Good-by,” and ran over the hills so fast they had only time to see how plump and fair he was, with a little knob on the top of his head like a crown.

“ He’s gone to the happy land, and we shall miss him; but we’ll follow his example and soon find him again,” said a gentle Sponge cake, with a sigh, as all

went back to their work; while Lily hurried after Snap, eager to see the new country, which was the best of all.

A delicious odor of fresh bread blew up from the valley as she stood on the hill-top and looked down on the peaceful scene below. Fields of yellow grain waved in the breeze; hop-vines grew from tree to tree; and many windmills whirled their white sails as they ground the different grains into fresh, sweet meal for the loaves of bread, that built the houses like bricks and paved the streets, or in many shapes formed the people, furniture, and animals.

A river of milk flowed through the peaceful land, and fountains of yeast rose and fell with a pleasant foam and fizz. The ground was a mixture of many meals, and the paths were golden Indian, which gave a very gay look to the scene. Buckwheat flowers bloomed on their rosy stems, and tall corn-stalks rustled their leaves in the warm air that came from the ovens hidden in the hill-sides; for bread needs a slow fire, and an obliging volcano did the baking here.

“What a lovely place!” cried Lily, feeling the charm of the home-like landscape, in spite of the funny plump people moving about.

Two of these figures came running to meet her as she slowly walked down the yellow path from the hill. One was a golden boy, with a beaming face; the other a little girl in a shiny brown cloak, who looked as if she would taste very nice. They each put a warm hand into Lily’s, and the boy said, —

“We are glad to see you. Muffin told us you were coming.”

“Thank you. Who is Muffin?” asked Lily, feeling as if she had seen both these little people before, and liked them.

“He was Ginger Snap once, but he’s Muffin now. We begin in that way, and work up to the perfect loaf by degrees. My name is Johnny Cake, and she’s Sally Lunn. You know us; so come on and have a race.”

Lily burst out laughing at the idea of playing with these old friends of hers; and all three ran away as

fast as they could tear, down the hill, over a bridge, into the middle of the village, where they stopped, panting, and sat down on some very soft rolls to rest.

“ What do you all do here? ” asked Lily, when she got her breath again.

“ We farm, we study, we bake, we brew, and are as merry as grigs all day long. It’s school-time now, and we must go; will you come? ” said Sally, jumping up as if she liked it.

“ Our schools are not like yours; we study only two things, — grain and yeast. I think you’ll like it. We have yeast to-day, and the experiments are very jolly,” added Johnny, trotting off to a tall brown tower of rye and Indian bread, where the school was kept.

Lily never liked to go to school, but she was ashamed to own it; so she went along with Sally, and was so amused with all she saw that she was glad she came. The brown loaf was hollow, and had no roof; and when she asked why they used a ruin, Sally told her to wait and see why they chose strong walls and plenty of room overhead.

All around was a circle of very small biscuits like cushions, and on these the Bread-children sat. A square loaf in the middle was the teacher's desk, and on it lay an ear of wheat, with several bottles of yeast well corked up. The teacher was a pleasant, plump lady from Vienna, very wise, and so famous for her good bread that she was Professor of Grainology.

When all were seated, she began with the wheat ear, and told them all about it in such an interesting way that Lily felt as if she had never known anything about the bread she ate before. The experiments with the yeast were quite exciting, — for Fraulein Pretzel showed them how it would work till it blew the cork out, and go fizzing up to the sky if it were kept too long; how it would turn sour or flat, and spoil the bread if care was not taken to use it just at the right moment; and how too much would cause the loaf to rise till there was no substance to it.

Lily was very happy with them, and when school was done went home with Sally and ate the best bread and milk for dinner that she ever tasted. In the after-

noon Johnny took her to the cornfield, and showed her how they kept the growing ears free from mildew and worms. Then she went to the bake-house; and here she found her old friend Muffin hard at work making Parker House rolls, for he was such a good cook he was set to work at once on the lighter kinds of bread.

“ Well, isn’t this better than Candy-land or Saccharissa? ” he asked, as he rolled and folded his bits of dough with a dab of butter tucked inside.

“ Ever so much! ” cried Lily. “ I feel better already, and mean to learn all I can. Mamma will be so pleased if I can make good bread when I go home. She is rather old-fashioned, and likes me to be a good housekeeper. I didn’t think bread interesting then, but I do now; and Johnny’s mother is going to teach me to make Indian cakes to-morrow.”

Lily stayed in Bread-land a long time, and enjoyed and learned a great deal that she never forgot. But at last, when she had made the perfect loaf, she wanted to go home, that her mother might see and taste it.

“ You can go whenever you like; just take the bread in your hands and wish three times, and you’ll be wherever you say. I’m sorry to have you go, but I don’t wonder you want to see your mother. Don’t forget what you have learned, and you will always be glad you came to us,” said Sally, kissing her good-by.

So bidding them all farewell, Lily hugged her loaf close, wished three times to be in her own home, and like a flash she was there.

Whether her friends believed the wonderful tale of her adventures I cannot tell; but I know that she was a good little housekeeper from that day, and made such good bread that other girls came to learn of her. She also grew from a sickly, fretful child into a fine, strong woman, because she ate very little cake and candy, except at Christmas time, when the oldest and the wisest love to make a short visit to Candy-land.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*



LILY HUGGED HER LOAF AND WISHED THREE TIMES.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddy bays;
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel,
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers,
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

* * * * *

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

FOUR WINDS

Who would paint the autumn woods scarlet and yellow and brown, if North Wind did not go out with his brush and paint-box? Who would send the snow-flakes hissing through the forests, hang jewelled icicles on the trees, kill fevers and sickness with his icy breath, and drive the birds southward, — who but North Wind?

Who would blow the rain-clouds away, lull the tired flowers to sleep, sow the seeds of mountain daisy and hillside dandelion, were it not the robust West Wind?

Who would shoot the silver arrows of the dawn, clear the darkness of night away, bathe the flowers and grasses, feed the rippling streams, the great rivers and the mighty ocean, — if not East Wind?

Who would come so softly singing over the hills in the early springtime, sprinkling the fields with showers, throwing over them mantles of sunshine and flowers, and teaching the birds, the trees and the waters to sing together, — who but South Wind?

— *Madge A. Bigham.*

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

I — IN TIME OF PEACE

Go to the banks of the Illinois River, where it flows by the village of Utica, and stand on the meadow that borders it on the north. In front glides the river, a musket-shot in width; and from the farther bank rises, with gradual slope, a range of wooded hills that hide from sight the vast prairie behind them.

A mile or more on your left these gentle slopes end suddenly in the lofty front of the great cliff, called by the French the Rock of St. Louis, looking boldly out from the forests that surround it.

Three miles distant, on your right, you see a gap in the steep bluffs that here bound the valley, marking the mouth of the river Vermilion, called Aramoni by the French.

Now stand in fancy on this same spot in the early autumn of the year 1680. You are in the midst of the great town of the Illinois Indians, — hundreds of

mat-covered lodges, and thousands of red-skinned savages.

Enter one of their dwellings: they will be glad to see you. Some friendly squaw will lay a mat for you by the fire; you may seat yourself upon it, smoke your pipe, and study the lodge and its inmates by the light that streams through the holes at the top.

Three or four fires smoke and smoulder on the ground down the middle of the long arched structure; and, as to each fire there are two families, the place is somewhat crowded when all are present. But now there is breathing room, for many are in the fields.

A squaw sits weaving a mat of rushes; a warrior, tattooed with fantastic designs, binds a stone arrow-head to an arrow with the fresh sinews of a buffalo. Some lie asleep, some sit staring at nothing, some are eating, some are squatted in lazy chat around a fire.

The smoke brings water to your eyes; the fleas annoy you; small dirty children crawl about your knees and will not be driven away. You have seen enough; you rise and go out again into the sunlight.

It is, if not a peaceful, at least a languid scene. A few voices break the stillness, mingled with the joyous chirping of crickets from the grass. Young men lie flat on their faces, warming themselves in the sun; a group of their elders are smoking around a buffalo-skin on which they have just been playing a game with cherry-stones.

Not far off is the graveyard, where lie the dead of the village, some buried in the earth, some wrapped in skins and laid aloft on scaffolds, above the reach of wolves.

In the cornfields around, you see squaws at their labor, and children driving off intruding birds; and your eye travels over the meadows beyond, spangled with the yellow blossoms of the resin-weed and the black-eyed daisies, or over the bordering hills still green with the foliage of summer.

II — IN TIME OF WAR

Suddenly the village was awakened as by the crash of a thunderbolt. A Shawanoe, recently here on a

visit, had left his Illinois friends to return home. He now reappeared, crossing the river in hot haste, with the news that he had met, on his way, an army of the Iroquois approaching to attack them.

All was panic and confusion. The lodges were emptied of their inmates; women and children screamed; warriors snatched up their weapons. There were less than five hundred of them, for the greater part of the young men had been gone to war many weeks.

A crowd of excited savages seized the forge and tools and flung them into the river, with all the goods that had been left by a camp of deserters.

Then, fearing that they would not be able to defend themselves, they manned the wooden canoes which lay in great numbers along the bank, took their women and children, and paddled down the stream to that island of dry land in the midst of the marshes which La Salle afterwards found filled with their deserted huts. Sixty warriors remained here on guard, and the rest returned to the village.

All night long fires blazed along the shore. The

excited warriors greased their bodies, painted their faces, stuck feathers in their hair, sang their war-songs, danced, stamped, yelled, brandished their hatchets, to work up their courage to face the crisis.

The morning came, and young warriors who had gone out as scouts now returned. They had seen the enemy in the forest that bordered the river Vermilion.

They were very numerous, and armed for the most part with guns, pistols and swords which they had obtained from the French. Some had shields of wood or raw-hide, and some wore, as a protection from the arrows of the enemy, tough twigs woven with cord which their fathers had used when fire-arms were unknown.

Whooping and screeching, the Illinois ran to their canoes, crossed the river, climbed the woody hill, and swarmed down upon the plain beyond. About a hundred of them had guns; the rest were armed with bows and arrows.

They were now face to face with the enemy, who had come out of the woods along the Vermilion, and were advancing on the open prairie.

The Illinois began, after their fashion, to charge; that is, they leaped, yelled, and shot off bullets and arrows, advancing as they did so. The Iroquois replied with dancing no less agile, and howlings no less frightful, mingled with the rapid clatter of their guns.

It was a dreadful sight, — the contorted bodies, bounding, crouching, twisting, to deal or dodge the shot; the small keen eyes that shone like an angry snake's; the open lips pealing their war-cry.

All day the battle raged. At night the Illinois returned to their village, set fire to their lodges, and hastily embarked in their canoes, paddling silently down the river under cover of the darkness, to join the women and children on the island.

The next morning the Iroquois crossed the river, took possession of the deserted village, built a rude fort of the trunks of trees, and of the posts and poles of the lodges which had escaped the fire, and settled down to finish the work of havoc at their leisure.

— *Francis Parkman.*

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: —
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

— *William Wordsworth.*

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

— *William Wordsworth.*

KICKING AGAINST PRICKS

The world is full of things that prick. There are nettles, and burdocks, and thistles, and rose-bushes, and raspberry-bushes, and blackberry-vines, which every child knows by sight. Then in the south, and out in the far west, where I live, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, there are in addition to all these, more than a dozen different kinds of cactus which prick worse than anything else in the world.

Then there is a plant called Yucca, which has long leaves almost as narrow as a grass-blade, pointed at the end, and as stiff as a knife. Sometimes this is called Spanish Bayonet, because its leaves are as sharp as the point of a bayonet. They could run a long way into the flesh if they were used as weapons.

I presume there are a great many more things that prick that I never heard of. Probably no country is without thorns; I am sure we have enough of them in America.

How carefully we move about where such things are growing! How closely we look where we step! Everybody knows nettles, and will not go near a nettle-bed if he can help it. In picking raspberries and blackberries, how sharply we look out not to get scratched by the thorns; how often we see beautiful purple thistles, and say to ourselves: "Oh, dear! if thistles hadn't such sharp thorns on them, I would pick one." And as for roses, it has passed into a proverb about them: —

"No rose without a thorn,"

which means that hardly anybody ever picked a rose in his life without pricking his fingers.

The only way to handle any of these things safely, is to wear very thick gloves, or else to take a pair of scissors and cut off all the thorns before you touch the stems.

And now what do you suppose is the reason I am saying all these things about different sorts of plants which prick? I'll tell you. This is a little sermon, and



"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

all this first part about the plants that prick, is the text to it.

Now comes the sermon itself; and you see if it doesn't "stick to its text" better than some sermons do.

There are hundreds of things in life that are just like these thorny leaves and stems that prick. Every day we come across them, or they come across us! Some of them are like the nettles and burdocks, just mere torments, to get away from if we can: ill-tempered people, and tiresome people; I think the ill-tempered people are like nettles; how they do sting and make us smart! And the tiresome people are like burdocks; how they do stick to us when we want to shake them off!

But most of the things in life which prick us are like the roses, and the raspberries, and the blackberries; good things which we want, beautiful things which we like to see, and wholesome things which it is best for us to have; but they all have thorns, and if we don't take hold of them the right way, we shall

surely get pricked. I will mention one of the things I mean, and you will think of dozens yourselves.

Sleep is one. Once I asked a little girl what she disliked most of all things in this world, and she answered me, without stopping to think a minute, —

“ Bed-time! bed-time’s the thing I dislike most. Bed-time’s the meanest thing in all the world! ”

I didn’t wonder much, for I remember very well how I used to hate to go to bed when I was a child. But if I had only known then, as I know now, that every hour I spent in sleep was helping to make me strong and healthy, and giving my body a chance to grow to its full size, I wouldn’t have hated it so.

No, indeed; I would have gone to bed early every night, of my own accord, without anybody’s having to coax or to drive me.

But children cannot possibly understand this. They cannot believe it when their fathers and mothers tell them. So they have to be made to go to bed early, no matter how much they dislike it. Almost every day I see some child being taken off to bed, by a nurse

or a mother; and when I hear it crying, and holding back, I say, —

“ Oh, you foolish child, you are kicking against the pricks! How much harder you make it for yourself, as well as for everybody else.”

Now, I wish every boy and girl that reads this would just try, for one week, going to bed when the regular time comes, without making any fuss about it. Take the bed-time just as you take the dinner-time, or the tea-time, or the breakfast-time, or something that is fixed and settled, and that is the end of it. Why, at the end of the week you won't think much about it; when seven o'clock comes, you will go, as a matter of course, and you'll see how much happier you'll be. You will save ever so many pricks! Try it!

And it would be just so with all the things which children have to do which they don't like to do, and all the things which they want to do and can't; all such things are things with pricks. If you fret and cry and tease, that is kicking against the pricks, and you get dreadfully hurt. If you say to yourself resolutely:—

“ Well, it can't be helped. I've got to do it. I'll make the best of it! ” That is taking hold of the thorns the right way, and saves all the scratches.

There is one more thing to be said about this kicking against pricks, — it always leaves shocking marks on people's faces.

You can imagine how a boy's clothes would look, if he had been in a bed of nettles and brambles, and had just plunged right through, kicking the thorny stems on every side. Why, his clothes would hang in rags and tatters; great pieces would have been torn out and left behind on the bushes.

Now, our faces are the clothes of our souls; and the strange thing is, that the soul's clothes always show what shape the soul has. The body's clothes are quite different. You can have clothes made for the body which will quite conceal its shape; the body may be deformed, yet good clothes, rightly made, can almost cover up the deformity. But not so with the face, which is the outside garment of the soul.

If you kick against the pricks of life, every kick leaves

its mark on your face; and if you keep on kicking, that is, if you keep on fretting, and whining, and teasing, and making a fuss about things that can't be helped, by and by your face will be all full of lines and marks, just like the rags and tatters that would come on your clothes if you plunged through a bramble-bed every day.

And you can mend the clothes; but you cannot possibly mend a face. The scowls and the frowns, and the discontented looks, all grow deeper and deeper, the older we grow; sometimes we see men or women with faces so full of such marks, that we are almost afraid to speak to them.

These are the men and women who began, when they were children, to kick against pricks, and have never left off.

And this is the end of the sermon about pricks. Did it not stick to its text?

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

ON THE SHORE

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
 With ripple of wave and hiss of spray,
 And the great red flower of the light-house tower
 Blooms on the headland far away.

Petal by petal its fiery rose
 Out of the darkness buds and grows;
 A dazzling shape on the dim, far cape,
 A beckoning shape as it comes and goes.

A moment of bloom, and then it dies
 On the windy cliff 'twixt the sea and skies.
 The fog laughs low to see it go,
 And the white waves watch it with cruel eyes.

Then suddenly out of the mist-cloud dun,
 As touched and wooed by unseen sun,
 Again into sight bursts the rose of light
 And opens its petals one by one.

Ah, the storm may be wild and the sea be strong,
 And man is weak and the darkness long,
 But while blossoms the flower on the light-house tower
 There still is place for a smile and a song.

— *Susan Coolidge*.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar, —

The meteor of the ocean air

Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,

And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee:
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW

I

“ It’s a fine thing to be a great man,” said the Sheriff of Nottingham, “ but we have our troubles.”

“ I know you do,” agreed the sheriff’s wife. “ There are those new clothes that came too late to wear to the Lord Mayor’s feast, and I’m almost sure that the stone house to the west of us is going to be larger than ours. What’s more, there’s a wretched little old woman who lives in a thatched cottage by the forest, and she wears a cloak that’s finer than mine. I know it is, for she had the boldness to walk into the church before me, and I felt of it when she came in the door. It came from over the seas, I know that; and it’s a good twelve threads to the inch finer than mine. It’s grand to be great folk, as you say, but even great folk have their worriments.”

“ It’s worse than a woman’s cloak that worries me,” said the sheriff. “ It’s the bold and sturdy thief that

lives in the forest, who's wearing my life away. He's robbed the monks, and he's robbed the bishop. I doubt not he'd rob even me if he got the chance; but I look out for him. It takes a wise man to catch me asleep."

"Indeed it does," agreed his wife.

"If the fine cloak's a trouble to you, what do you think it is to me, when I'm as sure as I want to be that it was the thief who gave it to the old woman? And that's worse than all his robbing of the bishop, and worse than his shooting of the king's deer, for he's giving fine clothes to poor folk, and he's putting new thatches on their roofs, and he's paying their rent for them and carrying them loads of wood when they ought to be out in the forest picking up sticks for themselves. They'll think they are as good as we great folk before long. I doubt not he's already given them white bread and wine instead of their oat cake and water."

"And can you not catch the thief?"

"No more than you could catch the wind. He's here and he's there, and if you get him into the prison,

he'll find a way out. The worst of it is, I fear the king'll think I'm not trying to catch him. I believe I'll go to London and tell the king what a pest the fellow is, and ask what he thinks would be a good way to catch him."

" Well, now, I wouldn't do that," said the sheriff's wife. " I know that when Jane came to me and told me the butter wouldn't come, I just said, ' Jane, you've got the churn, haven't you? And you have the dasher, haven't you, and the cream? ' And when she said ' Yes,' I said to her, ' Now you've the churn and dasher and cream, and it's your part to make the butter.' "

So said the sheriff's wife, but the sheriff thought: —

" My wife may talk, but I know well enough she was glad to know that Jane was trying to make the butter and was worried because it didn't come, and I think the king would be pleased to know that I'm troubled about Robin Hood, and that I'm not forgetting my business. There never was a man yet that didn't like other folk to ask him for counsel, and the king is but a man for all his crown and his throne."

The sheriff put on his best clothes and mounted his horse and set out for London town. All the way he was planning what he would say to the king, and how faithful the king would think him, when it was so plain that the loss of even one single thief was such a trouble to him.

When he was admitted to the royal audience-chamber, the king listened to the story of the sad deeds of the robber bold, of how he had stolen from the monks and from the bishop, and how, if the great man before him had not been so very wise, the outlaw would have stolen from even the king's Sheriff of Nottingham.

When the story was done, the king said: -

"My good servant, you have your full appointment as Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham, have you not?"

"Yes, my Lord King," answered the sheriff.

"And is there need of any new law against robbery?"

"No, my Lord King."

"Then you have come to London only to ask my advice concerning the man that troubles you?"

"Yes, my Lord King."

“ That is well. Now the very best advice I can give you is to go home and catch him. My Lord Chamberlain, see you to it that the High Sheriff of Nottingham has proper refreshment and is shown all courtesy. When he would return to Nottingham, have him escorted to the city gate by four members of the Royal Troop.”

The sheriff backed out of the audience-room, and the king whispered to the queen: —

“ Didn’t I do that well now? ”

The Lord High Sheriff was feasted, and then he was escorted to the city gate by four members of the Royal Troop. He was surely the happiest man that went out of London that day, and he thought he was the greatest until he reached home and told his wife about the king’s graciousness to him. He told her about the feasting and the Royal Troop; but when he repeated what the king said when he asked for advice, the sheriff’s wife looked very grave.

“ It isn’t every man that is great enough to ask the king for advice,” said he.

"It isn't every man that is foolish enough," retorted the sheriff's wife.

"What!" cried the sheriff.

Then the sheriff's wife explained that in spite of the feasting and the Royal Troop, the king had not given him one word of advice, but had only made fun of him. "And now you must catch the outlaw," she said, "or another year I fear me we'll have to leave the fine stone house, and another man will be the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham."

The sheriff was thoroughly humbled and badly frightened.

"Whatever shall I do? Won't you help me?" he begged. "They say a woman's wit is keener than a man's. Can't you devise some trick to catch the thief? If you will plan a way to get him, I'll send to Flanders, and I'll buy you the finest cloak that is to be had for money."

"I'll think about it," she answered rather loftily, "and if my own wit gives out, why, I can go up to London and ask the king."

II

The next morning the sheriff's wife woke her husband at the first crowing of the cock.

"I've thought of something," she said, "and if you do exactly what I tell you, and don't wander off into something that you think is just as good, you will catch the bold outlaw."

The sheriff promised faithfully that he would do just as she bade, and she said:—

"Now who are the best archers in all the North Countree?"

"Why, Robin Hood and his men, of course," answered the sheriff.

"Did you ever know an archer that did not want to show his skill?"

"No," said the sheriff, "but what has that to do with it?"

"Why, I should think a bat would see. Send criers through all the country round about and proclaim a shooting match. Offer a golden arrow or a silver bow,

or a belt all set with shining stones, and you will see Robin and his men fast enough.”

“ But how will I know them? ” asked the sheriff helplessly.

“ I do believe you haven’t waked up yet. If Robin and his men are the best shots, then keep fast hold of the best shots, and you will have Robin and his men.”

The sheriff was delighted. “ You are the wisest woman in Nottingham town,” said he. “ I’ll send for that cloak to-morrow; and when we’ve caught Robin and he is safe in the hands of the king, I’ll send to France and buy a satin gown, the best that can be found.”

That very day the sheriff sent the criers to all the North Countree. They rang their bells, and they cried: —

“ O hear ye, O hear ye! A shooting match will be held on Nottingham Green, on Midsummer Day, in the afternoon. The Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham has offered for the prize an arrow with golden head and silver shaft. O hear ye, O hear ye! ”

Of course the crier did not go into the forest, but there were people enough who were glad to tell the great news to Robin and his men.

“Make ye ready, my merry men all,” bade he, “and we will go to Nottingham and have some sport.”

Then stepped forward a young man, one David of Doncaster, and said he:—

“Master Robin, let us stay in the greenwood. This match is no good match and true; it is but a trick to beguile us archers into the hands of the sheriff.”

Robin was not pleased. “David of Doncaster,” said he, “did I not know you for the brave man that you are, I should say that was the speech of a coward. How know you better than another man that the match is but a trick?”

Now in the sheriff’s house was a little serving-maid, and she it was that had told David; but this he could not tell, so he hung his head, and made no reply.

“I say let us go to the match,” quoth Master Robin, “let what will come of it. Little John, what say you?”

“ Let us go, Master,” said Little John, “ and if there is a trick we’ll meet it with another trick. We’ll wear no Lincoln green, but one shall put on white, another red, another yellow, and another blue. We’ll mix with the other men; no two of us shall stay together; and if among us we do not win the arrow with the golden head, we are no true archers.”

Then away they went from the greenwood to the shooting match on Nottingham Green. No two of them went together, and when they were mixed with the eight hundred men who were on the Green, it would have puzzled Robin himself to pick them out. It was no wonder that the sheriff could not find them.

“ Oh, well,” said he, “ it will be easy enough when the shooting begins. I shall just watch for a little company that keep by themselves, and I’ll have my men ready to follow them.”

To be sure, his wife had said, “ Keep fast hold of the best shots,” but when he thought it over he said to himself:—

“ A woman knows naught about shooting. It’s

a man's business to understand such matters, and I know well that a bowman is not always sure of making his very best shot. Even Robin and his men may make a miss; but if I watch for a little group of men that keep by themselves, I'll be sure of them."

III

The shooting began, but watch as he would, the sheriff could see no little group of men that kept by themselves, and were in any way different from the rest of the eight hundred that were trying for the golden arrow.

One man and then another shot.

" Good for the brown! "

" Blue jacket, blue jacket! "

" Yellow forever! "

" Green's the color! "

" Cheer for the white, the white! "

" The red has it, the red, the red! "

So the crowd shouted. It was the man in red that made the best shot, and it was he who was called up

before the sheriff to receive the arrow with the golden head and the silver shaft.

Now Robin was the man in red, and he and his men went home to the greenwood, not all together, of course, but each one took a different road, and went with a group of bowmen from some other part of the North Countree.

At last they met on the edge of the forest. They were all merry and light of heart save Robin, and he, even with the golden-headed arrow stuck into his belt, looked sorry and vexed.

“What is it, Master Robin?” asked Little John. “You have won the prize, and it was the proud sheriff himself who gave it to you, and told you that the whole North Countree was proud of you, and that you were an honor to every man that ever bent a bow. What more can you ask? He never guessed it was you.”

“That is what grieves me,” said Robin sadly. “The proud sheriff will never know that it was I to whom he gave the golden arrow. I’d willingly give the arrow

back to him, and a hundred marks with it, if there were only some way of letting him know to whom he made his fine speech.”

“ Master,” said Little John, “ you took my advice before and you found it good. Will you take it once more? ”

“ Speak on,” bade Robin, “ speak on. Your wit is as quick as a woman’s. If the proud sheriff had but borrowed a woman’s wit to help him, he’d have put me in the lowest dungeon cell before now.”

“ Let us write him a letter, Master, and tell him who it was that bore away his golden arrow. Friar Tuck can pen it.”

“ But how will we send it? ” objected Robin. “ No one of my men shall risk his life to carry such a letter as that.”

“ Trust me once more, Master,” said Little John. “ I’ll go nowhere near the reach of the proud sheriff, but yet he shall have the letter before nightfall.”

When the match was over, the sheriff had to stay a long time on the green, for there were so many people

who wished to tell him what a beautiful prize he had given and what a successful day it had been. At last he started for home. His wife had gone as soon as the shooting was over, and she had made ready the finest dinner that could be imagined. As the sheriff came up the steps, she met him in the doorway, as smiling as two May mornings.

“ I have been thinking,” she said, “ that we would take the thousand marks’ reward that the king offered and make the house as big as the one to the west of us, and mayhap a little bigger. Which cell did you put him in? ”

“ Put whom in? ” demanded the sheriff a little shortly.

“ Robin, of course, the man in red that made the best shot of all.”

“ That was not Robin,” declared the sheriff. “ Robin was not there. I watched for him every minute.”

The sheriff’s wife had for a moment nothing to say, — a thing that did not often happen. While she stood staring into her husband’s face, a boy came to the steps.

“ Here is an arrow, and there is something tied to it,” said he. “ It was shot over the wall, and the priest said it was for you, and you’d mayhap give me a silver penny for bringing it.”

The sheriff took the arrow and handed the boy a silver penny. Tied to the arrow was a bit of parchment, and the sheriff read: —

“ This arrow is from Robin Hood, in return for the golden one that the sheriff courteously bestowed upon him to-day.”

— *Eva March Tappan.*

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursels as others see us!

It wad frae mony a blunder free us,

An’ foolish notion:

What airs in dress an’ gait wad lea’e us,

And e’en devotion!

— *Robert Burns.*



"THIS ARROW IS FROM ROBIN HOOD."

“ SNOWSHOE THOMPSON ”

California's history is full of the deeds of heroic men who regarded their own lives not at all in the face of every kind of danger, — snow-storms, sand-storms, cloud-bursts, floods, falling trees, hostile Indians, and wild animals.

One of the most fearless of them all was John Thompson, popularly known as “ Snowshoe Thompson.” For over twenty years he braved the winter storms, as both by day and by night he traversed the Sierra Nevada Mountains, with the mails strapped upon his back.

Thompson was born in Norway in 1827. Ten years later his parents came to the United States. In 1851 John, who was then twenty-four years old, was attracted by the stories of gold in California, and travelled overland to Hangtown, and then to Coon Hollow and Kelsey's Diggings, where he worked as a miner.

After three or four years he gave up mining and went

to the Sacramento Valley, where he worked on a ranch; but his eyes were often turned longingly toward the mountains which he loved, and he waited, longing and hoping for the time when he could return to them.

Early in the winter of 1856, while he was still at work on his ranch, he read in the papers of the troubles men were having in getting the mails across the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

By this time thousands of people had come from the east to make their fortunes in the gold mines, and they were anxious to receive news from home and send back letters; but there were no railroads, and even horses could not make their way through the deep snows of winter.

Thompson was cutting wood on his ranch, and, as he worked, he kept thinking of what he had read. All at once an idea came to him.

When he was a boy in Norway, snowshoes, or skis, as they were more properly called, were as common to him as ordinary shoes are to the children of other lands. He decided to make a pair of snowshoes out

of the oak timbers he was cutting and he went to work at once, with nothing but his boyhood memories to guide him.

He did not know the exact size to make them, and as he cut them out of green oak they were very heavy. They were ten feet in length, and about four inches wide. When he put them on a pair of scales he found they weighed twenty-five pounds, but he was a man of giant strength, and he was so eager to get to work that he could not wait to make another pair out of lighter wood.

Thompson spent several days practicing on his new snowshoes. When he made his first public appearance everyone who saw him was amazed. Mounted upon his shoes — which were not unlike sled-runners — and with his long balance-pole in his hands, he dashed down the sides of the mountains at such a fearful rate of speed that it seemed as if he would surely be killed.

Having satisfied himself that he could travel on his snowshoes, Thompson declared himself ready to carry the mails across the mountains. His first trip

was made in January, 1856. He went from Placerville to Carson Valley, a distance of very nearly ninety miles.

With the mail bags strapped upon his back, he glided over fields of snow that were in places thirty to fifty feet deep, his long Norwegian shoes bearing him safely and swiftly over the great drifts.

Having successfully made the trip to Carson Valley and back to Placerville, "Snowshoe Thompson" became the regular mail carrier. He carried the mails between the two points all that winter. Through him was kept up the only land communication there was between the Atlantic States and California. No matter how wild the storms that raged in the mountains, he always came through, and generally on time.

The loads that Snowshoe Thompson carried strapped upon his back would have broken down an ordinary man, though wearing common shoes and travelling on solid ground. The weight of the bags he carried was often over one hundred pounds.

It took three days to go from Placerville to Carson

Valley, owing to the great amount of up-hill travelling; but he was able to go back in two days, covering forty-five miles a day. Not a house was to be seen in all that distance, — nothing but great fields of drifted snow.

While travelling in the mountains, Snowshoe Thompson never carried blankets, nor did he even wear an overcoat. Exercise kept him warm when he was slipping over the snow, and if he camped he always built a fire.

All he carried in the way of food was a small amount of dried beef or sausage, and a few crackers or biscuits. When he was thirsty he caught up a handful of snow, or lay down to drink the water of some brook or spring.

Snowshoe never stopped for storms. He always set out on the day appointed, without regard to the weather, and he travelled by night as well as by day.

He had no regular path, — in a trackless waste of snow there is no path to follow. By day he was guided by the trees and rocks, and by night he looked to the stars, as a sailor looks to his compass.

Snowshoe camped at night, when he felt the need

of sleep, wherever he happened to be at the moment. He always tried, however, to find the stump of a dead pine, at which to make his camp. After setting fire to the dry stump, he collected a quantity of fir or spruce boughs, which he spread out on the snow.

Stretched upon his bed of boughs, with his feet to his fire, and his head resting upon one of Uncle Sam's mail bags, he slept as soundly as if he were in the best bed ever made, though perhaps beneath him there were from ten to thirty feet of snow.

When he could not find a dry stump, he looked for a dead pine tree. He always chose a tree that had a decided lean. If he could avoid it, he never made his camp beside a tree that was perfectly straight.

For this there was a good reason. It often happened that the tree which he set on fire in the evening, was burned through and fell to the ground before morning. When he had a leaning tree, he was able to make his bed on the safe side; but when the tree stood perfectly erect he did not know which way it would fall.

Sometimes he was wakened from sleep before day-

light by the loud cracking of the tree which sheltered him. Then he had to jump up and run for his life, and this was a bit of excitement he did not care for at the beginning of a hard day's work.

However, he did not always camp by trees and stumps. He sometimes crawled under shelving rocks, and there made his bed of boughs, building a small fire on the bare ground in front of it.

At a place called Cottage Rock, six miles from Strawberry Valley, he had a small, dry cavern, in the shape of an oven, in which he camped very often. There, his bed of boughs was always ready for him. Curled up in his cavern, with a fire of blazing logs in front, he slept in comfort and safety.

In all his travels, through darkness and storms, fog and blizzard, he never once lost his way. He used to say, "I can't be lost. I can go anywhere in the mountains, day or night, storm or shine. I can't be lost."

For twenty winters he carried the mails across the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Some years the overland mail would not have reached California for months, had

not Thompson turned out on his snowshoes and carried the sacks across the mountains.

He took pride in the work. It was like going forth to battle, and each successful trip was a victory. He loved the mountains, and understood them in their every mood. He was a man, adventurous, fearless and courageous.

— *George Wharton James.*

AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.

— *Emily Dickinson.*

LITTLE LOUISA ALCOTT

Over sixty years ago there lived in the pretty town of Concord, Massachusetts, a very happy family. There was a father, a mother, and four little girls. The sisters were named Anna, Louisa, Elizabeth, and May Alcott. The second child, Louisa, was the one who grew up to write the stories you are about to read, and many others besides.

She called herself Jo March in a beautiful book that she wrote about herself and her sisters. This book is "Little Women," and these two short stories are selected from it to show you how delightful the book is, so that you will wish to read it, if you have not done so already.

As Miss Alcott came to write more and more for children, she came to call herself their Aunt Jo. She was my Aunt Jo; she is your Aunt Jo; and she will be Aunt Jo to thousands of children yet to be born into this wide, wide world.

If you had been a child in Concord when the Al-

cotts were little girls, you would have loved to have Louisa for a playmate. She was a jolly little girl to know. In the first place she had overflowing health and good spirits. She loved to climb trees, jump fences, and run races like a wild young colt or a deer.

She says of herself: "No boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl if she refused to climb trees, leap fences, and be a tomboy." Walks of ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles were a matter of course. There was bathing and boating on the Concord River in summer, and skating in winter. Often the children skated through the deep green pine woods over the crust of snow.

Louisa was an active child with a mind so wide-awake that adventures were always coming her way. They began when she was only two years old. The family were on their way by boat from Philadelphia to Boston. Anna and Louisa were fresh and neat in spotless nankeen suits.

Suddenly Louisa was missed. Where could the baby toddler be? The anxious father and mother searched

everywhere. At last she was found in the engine-room, contentedly examining all about her. She liked the strange place she had found,—it was “so nice and dirty.” Very likely her mother made the same comment upon Louisa’s frock, when the little wanderer was returned to her arms.

When she was six, Louisa was lost for the whole day. At this time the family was living in Boston. Miss Alcott tells the story herself most charmingly. “Running away was one of the delights of my early days. . . . On one of these occasions I passed a rainy day with some Irish children, who hospitably shared their cold potatoes, salt fish, and crusts with me as we revelled in the ash-heaps which then adorned the waste land where the railroad station now stands.

“A trip to the Common cheered the afternoon, but as dusk set in, and my friends deserted me, I felt that home was a nice place after all, and tried to find it. I dimly remember watching a lamp-lighter as I sat to rest on some doorsteps in Bedford Street, where a big dog welcomed me so kindly that I fell asleep with my

head pillowed on his curly back, and was found there by the town-crier, whom my distracted parents had sent in search of me.

“ His bell and proclamation of the loss of ‘ a little girl, six years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes,’ woke me up, and a small voice answered out of the darkness, —

“ ‘ Why, dat’s me! ’

“ Being with difficulty torn from my four-footed friend, I was carried to the crier’s house, and there feasted on bread-and-molasses in a tin plate with the alphabet round it. But my fun ended the next day when I was tied to the arm of the sofa to repent at leisure.”

Mr. Alcott was a philosopher and teacher. He held at that time advanced views on education. He had taught his little girls from their earliest years. One day two distinguished friends were calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Alcott in Concord. They were Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Miss Alcott tells the story gleefully, and we cannot do better than to quote

her words. In the course of the conversation Miss Fuller said:

“ ‘ Well, Mr. Alcott, you have been able to carry out your methods in your family, and I should like to see your model children.’ ”

“ She did in a few moments,—for as the guests stood on the doorsteps a wild uproar approached, and round the corner of the house came a wheelbarrow holding baby May arrayed as a queen; I was the horse, bitted and bridled, and driven by my elder sister Anna, while Lizzie played dog and barked as loudly as her gentle voice permitted.

“ All were shouting and wild with fun, which, however, came to a sudden end as we espied the stately group before us, for my foot tripped, and down we all went in a laughing heap, while mother put a climax to the joke by saying with a wave of the hand:

“ ‘ Here are the model children, Miss Fuller!’ ”

Doubtless Louisa had suggested this game with the wheelbarrow, for she was the leader in all the plays. Her active brain was ever busy with new and original

ideas. She wrote verses and fairy tales on her slate when she should have been toiling over her sums. The magic stories she could spin at a moment's notice kept the neighbors' children enchanted.

But the chief outlet to her fancies was the writing and acting of family plays. Anna and Louisa had true dramatic ability. From the time they were tiny children, they acted the books they had read.

Playing Pilgrim's Progress was a never-failing joy. Father's canes and mother's piece-bags were routed out of their places, and broad hats were turned up at the brim. At last, with staff, pilgrim-hat, and a piece-bag slung over the back to represent the "burden of sin," the little pilgrims were ready to start.

The cellar was the gloomy City of Destruction; the house-top, the glorious Celestial City. Passing through Sloughs of Despond and Valleys of Humiliation, climbing Hills Difficulty, hour by hour they lived out the wonderful fable that never can grow old. Deeper and deeper the lesson of life, as taught by Bunyan, sank into their childish souls. They never lost this

impress in after life. Always they saw themselves as pilgrims, seeking heaven, their home.

In Concord, the roomy old barn was their theatre, and well did the loft, the beams, and the mangers adapt themselves to strange new uses. A squash vine, trained up a ladder set against a beam, answered capitally for a beanstalk, and the giant's fall from the beam, when Jack cut the stalk, gave all the little ones a genuine thrill. A mammoth golden pumpkin was harvested, and of course Cinderella was immediately produced.

As Louisa grew older, she wrote plays which she and her sisters acted before gatherings of their friends and neighbors. Her plays were often gloomy tragedies, but they bore strong testimony to the author's lively imagination.

Nothing daunted the young Alcotts when it came to costumes or scenery. They devised ruined castles, enchanted woods, picturesque waterfalls, caves, dungeons, and ladies' bowers. They even succeeded in having a thunder-storm.



CINDERELLA WAS IMMEDIATELY PRODUCED.

The Alcotts were poor, and frequently large bundles of clothing were sent them from relatives and friends. The gifts were not always wisely selected. One day, to relieve her mind, Louisa wrote this nonsense rhyme:

“ To poor country folks,
 Who haven’t any clothes,
 Rich folks, to relieve them,
 Send old lace gowns and satin bows.”

The lace gowns and satin bows that would have been absurd in the simple Alcott household found their place on the stage, and wonderfully well they often looked.

But, delightful as this play-acting was, most of Louisa Alcott’s time was spent in simple tasks in the home. The wise mother early taught her girls to wash, iron, sweep, clean, and cook. They were all clever with the needle. Louisa so loved to make doll’s clothes that, at twelve, she set up in business as a dolls’ dress-maker and milliner. She says that at this time the neighbors’ hens wore a panting, worried air. This was

because they were often hunted down to supply tail-feathers for the tiny bonnets or turbans trimmed in Louisa's establishment.

The little Alcotts were very happy in their friends. Great men were living in Concord, and their father, A. Bronson Alcott, was one of the choice circle. Here dwelt Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry Thoreau. Louisa and her sisters played with Ellen, Edward, and Edith Emerson and Una, Julian, and Rose Hawthorne, as well as with the little Channings and others.

Miss Alcott gives a charming picture of these bright days. She says: " Later, when we went to school with the little Emersons, . . . I remember many times when their papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved, the wood people or the wild flowers whose hidden homes he had discovered; so that when, years afterwards, we read of ' the sweet rhodora in the woods ' and the

‘burly droning bumblebee,’ or laughed over ‘The Mountain and the Squirrel,’ we recognized old friends and thanked him for the delicate truth and beauty which made them immortal for us and others.”

But, valuable as outside friends might be, it was in the home circle that the Alcott girls were trained to noble womanhood. Here was an old-fashioned home, where the parents planned their lives so that hours of companionship might be given to the children.

Busy Mrs. Alcott rose very early so that the work of the household might be finished in the forenoon. The afternoon she gave to her girls. They often spent the time “wandering in the woods under clear skies, telling stories, playing games, reciting poetry.”

Mr. Alcott had long talks with his little girls at the close of the day. The “twilight hour” was “the children’s hour.” His chats led them to feel at home with their souls and to see clearly what faults they had to conquer.

Louisa had a very hot temper and her mother was constantly trying to help her to control it. The tie

between them was very strong, for Mrs. Alcott confessed to Louisa that all her life she too had to struggle for self-control. As her mother seemed to Louisa all that was calm and gentle, it helped her to think that she too might conquer her great failing.

As she grew older, Louisa's one aim was to secure rest and comfort for her mother. She pictured her sitting in a cushioned chair by a sunny window with her hands, that had toiled so faithfully for many years, folded at last.

This vision she held before her mind as the goal of her efforts. She served a hard apprenticeship, but at last fortune came to her through her children's stories. At thirty-nine Louisa writes: "All goes well at home. . . . Had a furnace put in, and all enjoyed the new climate. . . . Mother is to be cosy if money can do it. She seems to be now, and my long-cherished dream has come true; for she sits in a pleasant room, with no work, no care, no worry, but peace and comfort all about her, and children glad and able to stand between her and trouble."

Louisa Alcott was a devoted daughter, sister, and friend, and she left behind her books so true and sound and sweet that children unto the third generation are arising to call her blessed.

— *Fanny E. Coe.*

MY KINGDOM

A little kingdom I possess,
 Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
 And very hard I find the task
 Of governing it well.
 For passions tempt and trouble me,
 And wayward will misleads,
 And selfishness its shadow casts
 On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
 To be the child I should, —
 Honest and brave, — nor ever tire
 Of trying to be good?

How can I keep a sunny soul
 To shine along life's way?
 How can I tune my little heart
 To sweetly sing all day?

I do not ask for any crown,
 But that which all may win;
 Nor seek to conquer any world
 Except the one within.
 Be Thou my guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 Thy happy kingdom in myself,
 And dare to take command.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

A FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter " Little Prig."

Bun replied,
" You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was so crammed with goodies.

Then she remembered her mother's promise, and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guide-book for any pilgrim going the long journey.

She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes.

Presently Beth and Amy woke, to rummage and find their little books also,—one dove-colored, the other blue; and all sat looking at and talking about

them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

In spite of her small vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters, especially Jo, who loved her very tenderly, and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given.

"Girls," said Meg seriously, looking from the tumbled head beside her to the two little night-capped ones in the room beyond, "mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. We used to be faithful about it; but since father went away, and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many things. You can do as you please; but I shall keep my book on the table here, and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, for I know it will do me good, and help me through the day."

Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm around her, and, leaning cheek to cheek, read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face.

"How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let's do as they do.

I'll help you with the hard words, and they'll explain things if we don't understand," whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sisters' example.

"I'm glad mine is blue," said Amy; and then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

"Where is mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. Some poor creeter come a beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never *was* such a woman for givin' away victuals and drink, clothes and firin'," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

"She will be back soon, I think; so fry your cakes, and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents, which were collected in a basket and kept un-

der the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. "Why, where is Amy's bottle of cologne?" she added, as the little flask did not appear.

"She took it out a minute ago, and went off with it to put a ribbon on it, or some such notion," replied Jo, dancing about the room to take the first stiffness off the new army-slippers.

"How nice my handkerchiefs look, don't they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked them myself," said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters which had cost her such labor.

"Bless the child! She's gone and put 'Mother' on them instead of 'M. March.' How funny!" cried Jo, taking up one.

"Isn't it right? I thought it was better to do it so, because Meg's initials are 'M. M.,' and I don't want any one to use these except Marmec," said Beth, looking troubled.

"It's all right, dear, and a very pretty idea, — quite sensible, too, for no one can ever mistake now.

It will please her very much, I know," said Meg, with a frown for Jo and a smile for Beth.

"There's mother. Hide the basket, quick!" cried Jo, as a door slammed, and steps sounded in the hall.

Amy came in hastily, and looked rather abashed when she saw her sisters all waiting for her.

"Where have you been, and what are you hiding behind you?" asked Meg, surprised to see, by her hood and cloak, that lazy Amy had been out so early.

"Don't laugh at me, Jo! I didn't mean any one should know till the time came. I only went to change the little bottle of cologne I bought yesterday for a bigger one, and I gave all my money to get it, and I'm truly trying not to be selfish any more."

As she spoke, Amy showed the handsome flask which replaced the cheaper one; and looked so earnest and humble in her little effort to forget herself that Meg hugged her on the spot, and Jo pronounced her "a trump," while Beth ran to the window, and picked her finest rose to ornament the stately bottle.

"You see I felt ashamed of my present, after read-

ing and talking about being good this morning, so I ran around the corner and changed it the minute I was up: and I'm so glad, for mine is the handsomest now."

Another bang of the street door sent the basket under the sofa, and the girls to the table, eager for breakfast.

"Merry Christmas, Marmee! Many of them! Thank you for our books; we read some, and mean to every day," they cried in chorus.

"Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little new-born baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there; and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a present on this Christmas morning?"

They were all unusually hungry, having waited

nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke; only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously, —

“ I’m so glad you came before we began! ”

“ May I go and help carry the things to the poor little children? ” asked Beth, eagerly.

“ I shall take the cream and the muffins,” added Amy, heroically giving up the articles she most liked.

Meg was already covering the buckwheat cakes and piling the bread into one big plate.

“ I thought you’d do it,” said Mrs. March, smiling as if satisfied. “ You shall all go and help me, and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast, and make it up at dinner-time.”

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party.

A poor, bare, miserable room it was, with broken windows, no fire, ragged bed-clothes, a sick mother, a wailing baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm.

How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in!

“It is good angels come to us!” cried the poor woman.

“Funny angels in hoods and mittens,” said Jo, and set them laughing.

In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own.

The girls, meantime, spread the table, set the children around the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds, — laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English.

“Das ist gut!” “Die Engel-kinder!” cried the poor things, as they ate, and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze.

The girls had never been called angel-children before, and thought it very agreeable. That was a very

happy breakfast, though they didn't get any of it; and when they went away, leaving comfort behind, I think there was not in all the city four merrier children than the hungry little girls who gave away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk on Christmas morning.

"That's loving our neighbor better than ourselves, and I like it," said Meg, as they set out their presents, while their mother was up-stairs collecting clothes for the poor Hummels.

Not a very splendid show, but there was a great deal of love done up in the few little bundles; and the tall vase of red roses, white chrysanthemums, and trailing vines, which stood in the middle, gave quite an elegant air to the table.

"She's coming! Strike up, Beth! Open the door, Amy. Three cheers for Marmee!" cried Jo, prancing about, while Meg went to conduct mother to the seat of honor.

Beth played her gayest march, Amy threw open the door, and Meg enacted escort with great dignity.

Mrs. March was both surprised and touched; and smiled with her eyes full of tears as she examined the presents and read the little notes which accompanied them. The slippers went on at once, a new handkerchief was slipped into her pocket, well scented with Amy's cologne, the rose was fastened in her dress, and the nice gloves were pronounced a "perfect fit."

There was a good deal of laughing and kissing and explaining, in the simple, loving fashion which makes these home-festivals so pleasant at the time, so sweet to remember long afterwards, and then all fell to work.

— *Louisa M. Alcott* (from " *Little Women* ").

NOBILITY

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

— *Alfred Tennyson*.

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
 And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,
 Twice or thrice his roundelay;
 Alone and warming his five wits
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

DRESSING FOR THE PARTY

“ Jo! Jo! Where are you? ” cried Meg, at the foot of the garret stairs.

“ Here! ” answered a husky voice from above; and, running up, Meg found her sister eating apples and crying over the “ Heir of Redclyffe,” wrapped up in a comforter on an old three-legged sofa by the sunny window. This was Jo’s favorite refuge; and here she loved to retire with half a dozen russets and a good book, to enjoy the quiet and the society of a pet rat who lived near by, and didn’t mind her a particle. As Meg appeared, Scrabble whisked into his hole. Jo shook the tears off her cheeks, and waited to hear the news.

“ Such fun! Only see! a regular note of invitation from Mrs. Gardiner for to-morrow night! ” cried Meg, waving the precious paper, and then proceeding to read it with girlish delight.

“ ‘ Mrs. Gardiner would be happy to see Miss March and Miss Josephine at a little dance on New Year’s

Eve.' Marmee is willing we should go; now what *shall* we wear? "

"What's the use of asking that, when you know we shall wear our poplins, because we haven't anything else?" answered Jo, with her mouth full.

"If I only had a silk!" sighed Meg. "Mother says I may when I'm eighteen, perhaps; but two years is an everlasting time to wait."

"I'm sure our pops look like silk, and they are nice enough for us. Yours is as good as new, but I forgot the burn and the tear in mine. Whatever shall I do? The burn shows badly, and I can't take any out."

"You must sit still all you can, and keep your back out of sight; the front is all right. I shall have a new ribbon for my hair, and Marmee will lend me her little pearl pin, and my new slippers are lovely, and my gloves will do, though they aren't as nice as I'd like."

"Mine are spoiled with lemonade, and I can't get any new ones, so I shall have to go without," said Jo, who never troubled herself much about dress.

“ You *must* have gloves, or I won’t go,” cried Meg decidedly. “ Gloves are more important than anything else; you can’t dance without them, and if you don’t I should be so mortified.”

“ Then I’ll stay still. I don’t care much for company dancing; it’s no fun to go sailing round; I like to fly about and cut capers.”

“ You can’t ask mother for new ones, they are so expensive, and you are so careless. She said, when you spoiled the others, that she shouldn’t get you any more this winter. Can’t you make them do?” asked Meg anxiously.

“ I can hold them crumpled up in my hand, so no one will know how stained they are; that’s all I can do. No! I’ll tell you how we can manage — each wear one good one and carry a bad one; don’t you see? ”

“ Your hands are bigger than mine, and you will stretch my gloves dreadfully,” began Meg, whose gloves were a tender point with her.

“ Then I’ll go without. I don’t care what people say!” cried Jo, taking up her book.

“ You may have it, you may! Only don’t stain it, and do behave nicely. Don’t put your hands behind you, or stare, or say ‘ Christopher Columbus!’ will you? ”

“ Don’t worry about me; I’ll be as prim as I can, and not get into any scrapes, if I can help it. Now go and answer your note, and let me finish this splendid story.”

So Meg went away to “ accept with thanks,” look over her dress, and sing blithely as she did up her one real lace frill; while Jo finished her story, her four apples, and had a game of romps with Scrabble.

On New Year’s Eve the parlor was deserted, for the two younger girls played dressing-maids, and the two elder were absorbed in the all-important business of “ getting ready for the party.” Simple as the toilets were, there was a great deal of running up and down, laughing and talking, and at one time a strong smell of burned hair pervaded the house. Meg wanted a few curls about her face, and Jo undertook to pinch the papered locks with a pair of hot tongs.

"Ought they to smoke like that?" asked Beth, from her perch on the bed.

"It's the dampness drying," replied Jo.

"What a queer smell, it's like burned feathers!" observed Amy, smoothing her own pretty curls with a superior air.

"There, now I'll take off the papers," but no cloud of ringlets appeared, for the hair came with the papers, and the horrified hair-dresser laid a row of little scorched bundles on the bureau before her victim.

"Oh, oh, oh! *what* have you done? I'm spoiled! I can't go! My hair, oh, my hair!" wailed Meg, looking with despair at the uneven frizzle on her forehead.

"Just my luck! you shouldn't have asked me to do it; I always spoil everything. I'm sorry, but the tongs were too hot, and so I've made a mess," groaned poor Jo, regarding the black pancakes with tears of regret.

"It isn't spoiled; just frizzle it, and tie your ribbon so the ends come on your forehead a bit, and it



"OH, OH, OH! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

will look like the latest fashion," said Amy consolingly.

"Serves me right for trying to be fine. I wish I'd let my hair alone," cried Meg petulantly.

"So do I, it was so smooth and pretty. But it will soon grow out again," said Beth, coming to kiss and comfort the shorn sheep.

After various lesser mishaps, Meg was finished at last, and by the united exertions of the family Jo's hair was got up and her dress on. They looked very well in their simple suits, — Meg in silvery drab, with a blue velvet snood, lace frills, and the pearl pin; Jo in maroon, with a stiff, gentlemanly linen collar, and a white chrysanthemum or two for her only ornament. Each put on one nice light glove, and carried one soiled one, and all pronounced the effect "quite easy and fine." Meg's high-heeled slippers were very tight, and hurt her, though she would not own it, and Jo's nineteen hairpins all seemed stuck straight into her head, which was not exactly comfortable; but, dear me, let us be elegant or die!

"Have a good time, dearies!" said Mrs. March, as the sisters went daintily down the walk. "Don't eat much supper, and come away at eleven, when I send Hannah for you."

As the gate clashed behind them, a voice cried from a window, — "Girls, girls! *Have* you both got nice pocket-handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, yes, spandy nice, and Meg has cologne on hers," cried Jo, adding, with a laugh, as they went on, "I do believe Marmee would ask that, if we were all running away from an earthquake."

"It is one of her aristocratic tastes, and quite proper, for a real lady is always known by neat boots, gloves, and handkerchief," replied Meg, who had a good many little "aristocratic tastes" of her own.

"Now don't forget to keep the bad breadth out of sight, Jo. Is my sash right, and does my hair look *very* bad?" said Meg, as she turned from the glass in Mrs. Gardiner's dressing-room, after a prolonged prink.

"I know I shall forget. If you see me doing any-

thing wrong, just remind me by a wink, will you?" returned Jo, giving her collar a twitch and her head a hasty brush.

"No, winking isn't lady-like; I'll lift my eyebrows if anything is wrong, and nod if you are all right. Now hold your shoulders straight, and take short steps, and don't shake hands if you are introduced to any one: it isn't the thing."

"How *do* you learn all the proper ways? I never can. Isn't that music gay?"

Down they went, feeling a trifle timid, for they seldom went to parties, and, informal as this little gathering was, it was an event to them. Mrs. Gardiner, a stately old lady, greeted them kindly, and handed them over to the eldest of her six daughters. Meg knew Sallie, and was at her ease very soon; but Jo, who didn't care much for girls or girlish gossip, stood about, with her back carefully against the wall, and felt as much out of place as a colt in a flower-garden.

Half a dozen jolly lads were talking about skates in another part of the room, and she longed to go and

join them, for skating was one of the joys of her life. She telegraphed her wish to Meg, but the eyebrows went up so alarmingly that she dared not stir.

No one came to talk to her, and one by one the group near her dwindled away, till she was left alone. She could not roam about and amuse herself, for the burned breadth would show, so she stared at people rather forlornly till the dancing began.

— *Louisa M. Alcott* (from “ *Little Women* ”).

AT SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast
 And fills the white and rustling sail
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!

I heard a fair one cry;

But give to me the roaring breeze

And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,

The good ship tight and free: —

The world of waters is our home,

And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,

And lightning in yon cloud;

But hark the music, mariners!

The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,

The lightning flashes free, —

While the hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea.

— *Allan Cunningham.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold: —
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 “What writest thou?” — the vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
 “And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,
 And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

— *Leigh Hunt.*

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Jacques Marquette was a Jesuit priest who, in 1666, was sent from France to the missions of Canada. Living in this wild country gave him a great longing to discover new lands and travel through the dense forests to convert the Indians.

Louis Joliet, the son of a wagon-maker and a fur-trader by profession, was sent to join Father Marquette at Michilimackinac, and accompany him on the visit which he wished to make to the Indians of the Mississippi.

"I was delighted," Marquette wrote in his journal, "because I saw my plans about to be accomplished, and found myself in the happy necessity of endangering my life for the salvation of all these tribes."

The outfit of the travellers was very simple. They had two birch canoes, and a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn; and with five men they began their journey on the seventeenth of May.

Their course was westward; and paddling their

canoes, they passed the Straits of Michilimackinac and coasted the northern shores of Lake Michigan, landing every evening to build their camp-fires at the edge of the forests.

They soon reached the river Menomonie, and paddled up the stream to the village of the tribe of Menomonies, or Wild-rice Indians. When Marquette told the Indians the object of the voyage, they were very much astonished, and tried to persuade him not to go any farther.

They said that there was a demon in one part of the river, whose roar could be heard at a great distance, and who would drag them down to his abode. They said, too, that the river was full of frightful monsters, who would devour them and their canoe; and that the heat was so great they would surely die.

Marquette paid no heed to their advice, gave them a few words of religious instruction, taught them a prayer, and bade them farewell.

The travellers next reached the mission at the head of Green Bay; entered Fox River; with difficulty

dragged their canoes up the rapids; crossed Lake Winnebago; and followed the quiet windings of the river beyond. Here they glided through an endless growth of wild rice, and scared up the flocks of birds that fed upon it. On either side rolled the prairie, dotted with groves and trees, browsing elk and deer.

On the seventh of June they reached the Mascoutins and Miamis, who had been joined by the Kickapoos. Here they begged two guides to show them the way to the waters of the Wisconsin.

All the town came down to the shore to see their departure: the Miamis with long locks of hair dangling over each ear, after a fashion which Marquette thought very becoming. All stared at the seven adventurers, amazed that men could be found to risk their lives in such a dangerous undertaking.

The river twisted among lakes and marshes choked with wild rice; and, but for their guides, they could scarcely have followed the narrow channel. It brought them at last to the portage, where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and

through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin.

Here they bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and trusted themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither, — perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea or the Gulf of California.

They glided calmly down the stream, by islands choked with trees and matted with grapevines; by forests, groves and prairies; by thickets and marshes and broad bare sand-bars.

At night they camped, — the canoes drawn up on the bank, a flickering fire, a meal of buffalo-flesh or venison, an evening pipe, and slumber beneath the stars. When they set out again in the morning, the mist hung over the river like a veil, then melted before the sun, till the glassy water and the quiet woods lay breathless in the sultry heat.

On the seventeenth of June they saw on their right the broad meadows where now stand the town and fort of Prairie du Chien. Before them a wide and rapid

current flowed across their way. They had found what they sought!

“With a joy,” writes Marquette, “which I cannot express,” they steered their canoes into the eddies of the Mississippi River.

They journeyed more than a fortnight without meeting a human being, when, on the twenty-fifth, they saw footprints of men in the mud on the western bank and a well-trodden path that led to the prairie.

Joliet and Marquette decided to follow this path; and leaving their canoes in charge of their men, they set out on their dangerous adventure. The day was fair, and they walked two leagues in silence, following the path through the forest and across the sunny prairie, till they discovered an Indian village on the banks of a river.

They crept up, without being seen, until they could hear the voices of the Indians among the wigwams. Then they stood forth in full view, and shouted to attract attention.

There was a great commotion in the village. The

people swarmed out of their huts, and four of their chief men came forward to meet the strangers, walking slowly, and holding up toward the sun two peace-pipes decorated with feathers. They stopped before the two Frenchmen, and stood gazing at them without saying a word.

Marquette was much relieved on seeing that they wore French cloth, for he judged that they must be friends and allies. He broke the silence, and asked them who they were. They answered that they were Illinois, and offered the pipes; which having been duly smoked, they all went together to the village.

Here the chief received the travellers. He stood at the door of a large wigwam, holding up both hands as if to shield his eyes. "Frenchmen," he said, "how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you; and you shall enter our wigwams in peace."

After they had smoked with the chiefs and old men, they were invited to visit the great chief of all the Illinois, at one of the villages they had seen in the

distance; and as they went along they were followed by a throng of warriors, squaws and children.

On arriving, they were forced to smoke again, and listen to a speech of welcome from the great chief. He told them that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm, the sky more clear, and the earth more beautiful.

Marquette and Joliet spent the night in this camp, and in the morning the chief, with some six hundred of his tribesmen, escorted them to their canoes and bade them a friendly farewell.

Again they were on their way, slowly drifting down the great river. They passed the mouth of the Illinois, and were paddling along quietly when, presently, they beheld a most amazing sight.

On the flat face of a high rock were painted, in red, black and green, a pair of monsters, each as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, and a beard like a tiger. The face was something like that of a man, the body covered with scales and the tail so long that it passed entirely around the body and over the head.

The men moved along, talking for a long time of these terrible manitoes, or Indian gods. Suddenly they were aroused by a real danger. A torrent of yellow mud rushed furiously into the calm blue current of the Mississippi, boiling and surging, and sweeping in its course logs, branches, and uprooted trees.

They had reached the mouth of the Missouri, and their light canoes were whirled about like dry leaves on an angry brook.

"I never saw anything more terrific," wrote Marquette; but they escaped safely, and held their way down the swollen current of the united rivers.

They passed the lonely forest where now stands the city of St. Louis, and, a few days later, saw on their left the mouth of the stream to which the Iroquois had given the name of Ohio, or the "Beautiful River."

Soon they began to see the marshy shores buried in a dense growth of sugar-cane, with its tall straight stems and feathery foliage. The sun glowed through the hazy air with a stifling heat, and day and night thousands of mosquitoes left them no peace.

After voyaging three hundred miles farther, they decided that they had gone far enough to be certain that the Mississippi River emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, and they decided to return to Canada and report what they had seen. They thought they were near the mouth of the great river, but it was, in fact, more than a thousand miles away.

It was no easy task to paddle their canoes, in the heat of midsummer, against the current of the stream, toiling all day under the parching sun, and sleeping at night in the fog and dampness of the shores.

Marquette fell ill; but in spite of that they pushed on, and reached Green Bay at the end of September. They had been gone four months, during which they had paddled their canoes more than twenty-five hundred miles; but they had explored, in the name of France, the headwaters of the wonderful Mississippi River.

—*Francis Parkman.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,

Our leader frank and bold;

The British soldier trembles

When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,

Our tent the cypress-tree;

We know the forest round us,

As seamen know the sea;

We know its walks of thorny vines.

Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands

Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery

That little dread us near!

On them shall light at midnight

A strange and sudden fear;

When, waking to their tents on fire

They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil;
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads —

The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlit plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp —
 A moment — and away,
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee;
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band,
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

ANCIENT GREECE

Ancient Greece was a lovely land. Everywhere lines of peaked mountains looked at each other across pretty little valleys. Through the valleys sparkled small rivers. Beside the rivers stretched green olive groves, golden wheat fields, and garden-spots. Here and there, among the fields shone white cities, Sparta, Thebes, and Athens, with high walls and twisting streets.

From the mountain-foot down to the flat valley lay hills great and small. Their sides were streaked with vineyards and dotted with whitewashed cabins. On the mountain-side sheep strayed, watched by their shepherd, who was piping to himself in a cool cave. Every mountain-top looked off to the purple sea near at hand. This sea was dotted with ships and with rocky islands.

Up and down these islands and valleys and hill-sides walked the beautiful Greeks. What made them beautiful? It was their smooth skin, well rubbed with

olive oil; their muscles, trained in the gymnasium; their shining eyes, happy with looking upon sea and mountain and statue and temple. Their clothes helped, too, for these were of bright colors and hung in gently moving folds.

The busy vine-grower among his grapes, the shepherd walking the rough mountain, the sailor on his ship, the carpenter in his shop, wore short chitons, that left arms and legs bare and free. In the cool evening they clasped short capes about their shoulders. In the hot sun they tied broad hats on their heads. For a walk on a stony road they tied open sandals under their feet. The idle gentlemen of the cities threw about themselves himations, — great shawls, of thin wool or linen, that fell in soft folds from neck to feet. The women wore long, loose robes of the same sort.

Above this lovely land, and caring for it, were the gods. They lived in Olympus, a shining city among the stars. A golden wall, with clanging gates, surrounded the city. Inside were sloping green meadows, sprinkled with wonderful flowers. Here and there among the

grass and flowers were houses of gold and silver, the homes of the gods. On a little hilltop was a golden throne. Here sat Zeus, the king of the gods, the lord of the world. By his side sat Hera, his queen. Around him stood the company of the gods, looking down upon the world.

There was Apollo, the beautiful, who by day drove the chariot of the sun across the sky. At night he sat here in Olympus, at the feast of the gods. He played on his lyre and sang such songs as common men have never heard. And there was Athene, in her armor of bronze. She took care of all the battles of the world, and she taught women to weave and men to work with tools.

There was Poseidon, who sometimes lived in a cave at the bottom of the sea. He made storms on the sea, and he calmed them. And there was Hermes, who sent gentle winds to carry ships to the right port, and who flew through the air with the messages of Zeus. There was the boy-god, Dionysus, who sent dew and warmth to ripen the grapes of all the world.



THERE WAS APOLLO, THE BEAUTIFUL, WHO BY DAY DROVE THE
CHARIOT OF THE SUN ACROSS THE SKY.

And there was Artemis, who drove the silver chariot of the moon and sometimes hunted the deer in the wildwood. There was the blacksmith god, Hephæstus. He could make statues of gold that moved and walked about. There was Ares, the fierce god of war. And there was Demeter, who ripened the grain all over the world.

All these gods were like men and women, but taller, more beautiful and more wonderful. They could never die. Their eyes looked to the farthest edges of the world, and no man could hide from them. They walked through the sky as quickly as thought. In the wink of an eye they could change from a god to a ragged shepherd lad or an eagle. Life was very gay and easy for them, and yet they had work to do.

If Apollo had idled away a month in Olympus, the trees and plants and men down in the world would have died in the darkness. If Dionysus had neglected his work, the grapevines and the pomegranate trees and the melon-vines all over the world would have died, and men would have been hungry for fruit. If Poseidon

had been angry and had left the sea to storm, thousands of ships would have been wrecked, and sailors drowned.

So the gods were a company of busy people, flitting about from city to city, from field to field, from sea to sea, and back to Olympus, to rest and feast and play. But they took care that men should not see them on those visits.

Now the Greeks down in the world loved these gods for their kindness. They wished to thank them. They wished to make them gifts, but they could not think how to do it; for they never saw the gods during their visits to the earth. Neither did they know what to send.

“The gods do not eat common food,” they said, “but the sweet odors of the world are pleasant to them. Would they not like a taste of this meat and these fruits that they have given us? How shall we send them so far?”

Then they saw the smoke rising above the fire, above the house-tops, above the trees, up into the sky.

“That is the way,” they said.

So they built fires on little piles of sod. They soaked the sod with sweet-smelling wine, and put meat and fruits into the fire. The smoke caught the odors of wine, of crisping meat, and of toasting fruits, and whirled them up through the sky to Olympus. There the gods breathed the perfume and smiled down upon the blazing altars and the lifted hands.

Sometimes people built marble houses, or temples, around these altars. Here the gods might come to rest from their work in the world. Here people might come to bring gifts to the gods.

In such a land, among such people, under the eyes of these gods, lived Leonidas, the Spartan hero.

—*Jennie Hall.*

THE WILL AND THE WAY

It was a noble Roman,
 In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker,
 Before the battle say:
 "They're safe in such a fortress;
 There is no way to shake it—"
 "On! on!" exclaimed the hero,
 "I'll find a way or make it!"

.

Is learning your ambition?
 There is no royal road;
 Alike the peer and peasant
 Must climb to her abode;
 Who feels a thirst for knowledge,
 In Helicon may slake it,
 If he has still the Roman will
 To "find a way, or make it!"

—*John G. Saxe.*

STORIES OF LEONIDAS

I — TRAINING SONS OF SPARTA

It was in one of the soldiers' huts at Sparta, an ancient city of Greece. Fifteen men, young and old, sat at mess. The heavy table before them had no cloth and few dishes. The seats were backless benches. The ceiling and walls of the hut were of rough, round logs. The floor was of dirt. Against one of the walls leaned long spears.

The men were clothed in coarse gray chitons. There was no shine of gold or flash of color to make the place beautiful. But there were some things there more beautiful than gold or gay clothes, — the men's broad shoulders, the working muscles of their brown arms, their high-lifted heads and tumbled hair.

Four little boys sat wide-eyed among these soldiers. An old man looked at the smallest one.

"So this is your first day away from home?" he laughed.

“ Yes,” answered the boy, whose name was Leonidas.

“ Well, what do you think of our mess? ”

“ It is like being a soldier. I like it.”

“ Do you know why you came here? ”

“ Because Sparta needs soldiers.”

“ Yes,” the old man said with flashing eye; “ and we all are born only to be her soldiers. Is there a finer thing in the world than to fight for Sparta? ”

“ Did you cry this morning when you left home, Leonidas? ” another man asked teasingly.

“ No. Why should I cry? I have come to be a soldier. Spartans do not cry.”

“ But you did not like to leave your mother? ”

“ Sparta is my mother, and Sparta lives in the soldiers’ huts. I have come to live with her. That is what my mother told me.”

A man reached his hand across the table and said, smiling: “ Give me your hand, lad. Well said! But your manners need mending. Your mother has spoiled you. Boys should listen, not talk.”

The men rose from the table, took their spears from

the wall and walked away home. It was night, and the lanes were dark and narrow; but the men carried no torches, for the Spartans had long ago made this law: "Men shall always walk in the city without torches, for in war they must march and scout in the dark."

The boys walked away slowly, their lips closed, their eyes turned to the ground. They went to another hut, which had but one large room. Here sat a young man in a heavy oak chair. A burning pine-torch was thrust into the wall above his head.

The smoky light flickered dimly on perhaps twenty boys standing about. They were from seven to seventeen years old.

As the four boys came in, they walked up to the young man in the chair and gave their names, saying:

"Returned from the soldiers' mess, Iren."

Iren was a name that meant captain of a boys' company.

"We are all here now," said the Iren. "Give us a song, Anaxander."

Anaxander took a lyre from its peg on the wall. He ran his fingers over the strings and sang this song:

“ I hope to fall in battle, sword in hand,
For men will sing and women praise me then.
‘ Here lies a Spartan hero dead,’ they’ll say;
‘ Let Sparta build for him a splendid tomb.
And on the tomb his statue high shall stand.
And Sparta’s men and lads shall come to see
How well our Sparta loves the strong and brave.’

“ Then raise the battle-cry and draw your swords,
Press close together, comrades, into line.
Now sword and spear and death for Sparta’s sake! ”

“Sparta, Sparta! A soldier’s death for me!”
shouted all the lads.

“ A good song,” said the Iren. “ You shall teach our new boy, Leonidas, to sing and to play the lyre. Tomorrow night I will see whether he has learned his strings. It is as much the duty of a soldier to sing as to fight.”

Then, rising from his chair, he took up his spear. "Off to the Eurotas," he cried. "If you do not wish to sleep on the bare floor to-night, come back with your arms full of rushes. And be sure that you use no knife to cut them. A soldier's hands must take a few scratches."

So the boys scampered off through the dark to the river; but they soon came straggling back. They threw their rushes down in a corner, or next to the wall of the hut. Then, without undressing, they lay down to sleep. There was nothing but the damp rushes to cover them if they grew cold; but every boy was proud of that, thinking, "A soldier has nothing to cover him."

Leonidas came in among the last. His hands were cut and bleeding, but he thought, "I have to do this to be a soldier;" and the thought made him happy.

At last everybody in the hut was asleep, and in other cabins all about, men were sleeping. Guards in armor, with spears in their hands, walked up and down. It was like a great camp in time of war, yet there was

no war and no fear of it. The men of Sparta always lived like this; they were always soldiers.

II — A GAME OF WAR

The next morning the boys were called at daybreak. There was no dressing, for they had slept in their clothes. There was only a run to the river, a cold plunge, and a rough combing of hair with fingers. Then they ran back to the camp-ground where the older men were gathering, every one with his spear.

The different Irens called their boys together. Twenty or thirty companies stood in soldiers' order.

"Line up for the foot-race," called the Iren of Leonidas' group.

After the running, the Iren called to one of the larger boys, "Come teach these little boys to box."

All over the field other companies were doing the same thing. The men walked among them, looking on. They gave praise when a boy did well. They stopped the game when it was wrong, and showed the right way to do. It was a busy, noisy, happy place.

After the boys had played for some time, a trumpet blew. Like a flash, all the men fell into line, bodies straight, heads up. At every man's left side hung his short broad-sword. In his right hand he carried two or three lances, their points glittering above his head.

By the side of the long line of men stood the officers. They passed along the order to march, and next came a quick command to swing into fours.

"That is the way they march off to war," a boy told Leonidas.

Then the officers called out: "Battle order, march!"

The eight fours at the head of the line stood still, and the others marched up to their side and halted. There stood all the fighting men of Sparta in deep, close line, ready to meet a foe.

"Sparta, Sparta!" shouted the boys who were watching.

The men drilled for an hour or more. Then the trumpet blew again, and they all walked away to their huts for breakfast.

“ Do you know why it is, boys, that we Spartans drill like this every day? ” asked one of the older men.

“ Because Spartans love to be soldiers,” answered Leonidas promptly.

During that afternoon the Iren of Leonidas’ company called his boys together, and said: “ To-morrow we struggle at the Plane-tree Grove. If we lose, you know what it will say for me, your Iren.”

“ Never fear,” cried Anaxander. “ There is not a coward among us.”

On the next day the boys went to the Plane-tree Grove. There were walks and race-courses and gymnasium buildings. The fine old trees cast a pleasant shade, and the boys ran down the broad walks.

“ The bridge of Heracles! ” they shouted. “ Heracles is ours.”

A little round island was in the middle of the grove, and it was surrounded by a broad moat full of water. A bridge crossed the moat at each side of the island. On one bridge stood a statue of Heracles; on the

other stood a statue of Lycurgus, the law-giver, the father of Sparta.

The boys of Leonidas' company ran to the bridge of Heracles, the other boys to the bridge of Lycurgus. They had cast lots the night before to see where they should stand.

Men came hurrying from temple and gymnasium and shaded walks. All the Spartans were there to see which lads were bravest and best drilled. They crowded to the edge of the moat, and some even went upon the bridges behind the boys.

At a signal the two companies ran together. They met in the middle of the island. The game was for one side to push the other side into the water. At first they formed in solid blocks and pushed all together; but neither block moved.

Then different boys began to strike out with their fists. Some butted with their heads; others rammed with their shoulders. The crowd broke up into couples, pushing, wrestling, falling and jumping up again.

All this time the men on the shores and bridges were

calling out: "The boys of Heracles! Well struck, Lycurgus! The boys of Lycurgus! To the water!"

Two boys were struggling near the bridge. The boy of Heracles was getting the worst of it. At last he broke away and ran toward the bridge.

Then all the men hooted at him: "Coward! Shame, shame! You are no son of Sparta! Shame!"

They closed together and stopped him. A man pushed to the front and caught the boy by the shoulders.

"You are mad!" he cried. "It is better to die than to be a coward. No coward shall ever call me father. Back, Damon, and show whose blood is in your veins."

The boy looked at his father for a minute. Then his white face flushed red; he clenched his teeth and turned back to his opponent. He caught him around the waist and threw him down, then he dragged him along the ground toward the moat.

The boy twisted and struck out at every step. Sometimes one was down, and sometimes the other.

Sometimes they were both rolling on the ground; their arms were bruised, their legs were scratched. But at last Damon picked the boy up on his hip and swung him. Then he threw him into the water, and all the men on the bridges gave a great shout.

“ Good, good, Damon! Sparta is proud of you! ” they cried, and slapped the boy’s father on the shoulder.

Damon had found his courage now. He ran to two other struggling boys and lent a hand.

The same things were happening all over the island. Boys were scattered about by twos or threes, pushing, dragging, wrestling. Now and then there was a splash when some one went into the water. Then all that was left for him to do was to swim across and stand dripping on the other bank, watching his friends.

One by one the boys were pushed into the moat; sometimes a boy of Lycurgus, sometimes of Heracles. At last only five boys were left on the island, and four of them were of Heracles. Then the four gave a shout and ran at the one, pushing him in.



"BACK, DAMON, AND SHOW WHOSE BLOOD IS IN YOUR VEINS."

"Victory, victory!" they shouted, running to the bridge.

"Heracles! The boys of Heracles!" shouted the men. They ran to meet the four boys, lifted them upon their shields and went shouting up and down the walks.

Lysander was one who was carried high on a shield. His face was pale and his lips were shut hard; but his eyes were wide and shining with joy.

Damon, too, was carried on a shield, and his father walked behind him, looking proudly at his son. Leonidas had been pushed into the water; but he was only seven years old, and it was his first game. He had not been afraid, and he had done the best he could.

All the other boys of their company went dancing around the four on the shields. "Our heroes!" they cried. "Our heroes of Sparta!"

III — LEONIDAS AT SCHOOL

One morning Ion came to Leonidas. "Come with me," he said. "Let us walk about the city. There are many things to see."

Leonidas looked up proudly at Ion. It was good to hold that old man's hand. It was good to get his smile. He was a senator, — a great man and a wise one. He gave advice to the kings. Here he was talking to a little boy. He was saying:

“ It is pleasant to an old man to see lads brave and quick and strong, with straight, tough bodies. Years ago my own son won at the Plane-tree Grove. I was more proud then than I should have been to see him king. Some of us never can be kings, but we can be soldiers. Your grandfather was a king; we expect great things of you.”

The streets they were walking down were very strange. They were like country lanes. A foot-path wound through the grass. On either side were houses made of squared logs, unpainted, and brown with age. The rough marks of the axe showed on the logs. The roof was flat and low; one wide door opened in the front. Around every house were wheat fields and gardens, with bee-hives and grapevines, olive trees and pomegranates.

“ I myself have never been out of Sparta,” Ion said, “ and I am glad of it; but I once talked with a man from Athens. That is a city to the north of us, and from what he said I thought it must be a poor place.

“ To begin with, there is a high wall around Athens; as though the people were pigs to be fenced in! And besides, it shows that they are afraid, to protect themselves with a wall. Our good swords and our right arms are our walls. No enemy can break through them.

“ Inside of their little walls the Athenians crowd all their people. That leaves no room for gardens, and I do not see how those men can breathe. See our green fields and trees! See the good breeze of Zeus playing in them! We have room to stretch ourselves, and air to breathe. O, Sparta, Sparta, beautiful, strong Mother!”

Leonidas looked up shyly and blushed. “ I shall fight for her sometime,” he said. “ Perhaps I shall die for her.”

“There is no greater good fortune,” Ion answered.

They walked on down the street. Farther on, the houses were close together, and there were statues between them, instead of gardens, — Apollo here, Zeus there, farther on Dionysus, across the street a victor of Olympia, some old king, a great battle hero. Ion had something to say of every one as they passed.

“It is good for you to come often and see these gods and these great men,” he said. “You must not make them ashamed. Great men have walked this ground and loved it. There is not one of the gods that has not put foot in Sparta. It is holy ground; let not your foot make it unholy.”

It was a busy life for Leonidas now. Every night he must pull rushes for his bed; every morning he must drill with the company. For long hours every day he must go to the gymnasium in the Plane-tree Grove. Ion was often there to watch him.

After work was finished the old man took the boy for a walk. Sometimes it was along the banks of the

Eurotas, out into the country; sometimes it was about the city, to see the statues and public buildings.

Always Leonidas learned something new during those walks. Perhaps Ion told him the story of Troy, or of some Greek god. Perhaps he taught him some wise saying of Lycurgus. Perhaps he took stones and showed him how to count.

Perhaps, as they stood before a statue, Leonidas learned to spell out the name of Zeus, or of Heracles, or of Sparta. Perhaps Ion taught him to sing a battle-song. Leonidas had no other school than these walks and the gymnasium.

That gymnasium was to Leonidas the pleasantest place in Sparta. At the entrance stood a bronze statue of Heracles. Porches ran around the four sides of a court, back of them opened the wide doors of dressing-rooms. Men were walking along the porches, talking and laughing.

The court was filled with boys at work. Some were throwing the disc, a round plate of lead or of stone. It was thick in the middle, and thinner at the edges.

The thrower held it in his right hand, and swung it back and forth to get a good movement. Then he threw it. The game was to find who could throw the farthest.

Other boys were throwing spears at a mark. These spears had leather straps wound around the balancing point. The thrower put his finger through the loop. When he threw, he held the strap for a second, and this made the spear whirl so that it bored into the target.

With every group of boys was a teacher. He allowed no laziness.

“ You are not here to play,” he said. “ You are here to get strong bodies, and learn to be good soldiers. It is a hard school. Sparta is watching you. Run, dance, shout, sing, fight; and, if you will, learn to read a little and to count. When you are men you will do brave deeds in battle. You will be heroes, — heroes of Sparta! ”

IV — THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLAE

Leonidas lived in the Spartan camp until he was eighteen years old. His brother was king of Sparta.

When his brother died, Leonidas was made king. He was wise and just, and very brave.

The Persians from across the sea came to fight the Greeks. They came marching down toward the south. This news flew ahead of them:

“The king of the Persians is coming. His army drinks the rivers dry. Whole cities grow poor in feeding it. It stretches, glittering like the sea. The Greeks bow down as the king comes near. He meets no foes. The land is afraid. He comes to make us slaves.”

The men of southern Greece said, “We must stop those Persians. Thermopylae is the place.”

So the Spartan king went with his guard of three hundred men. That little army was fine to look at as it swung out of the city in double line, with shining armor, long bronze shields, tall bronze helmets, dangling swords and stiff lances. The king who led this army was Leonidas.

As these soldiers marched their long way through the country, people came to look at them.

“Sparta surely makes warriors,” they thought.

A few cities, seeing them, said, "We will help."

So other soldiers joined Leonidas. From one city came eighty; from another a thousand; from Thebes, four hundred; from Thespiæ, seven hundred. But, after all, it was only a small army.

The army camped on a little plain at Thermopylae. On one side was the sea, and on the other rose a steep mountain with its oaks and pines. In front of the army the mountain came close to the water. An ox-cart could just go between sea and hill. Across the sandy beach was a stone wall, with a gate.

Behind the army was another narrow pass, which was called the pass of Thermopylae. North of it lay part of Greece, south of it lay the other part, with Athens and Sparta. Between north and south rose steep mountains, and Thermopylae was like a gate in this mountain wall.

Leonidas with his army had come to guard this pass. Tents were dotted over the little plain. Mules and horses were feeding in the grass. The rough carts were drawn into a circle. Some of the soldiers

were at work, building up the old wall across the pass; others were playing games, dancing, wrestling.

At last a scout came into the camp. "An hour's walk from here lie the Persians. Their tents are as many as the stars. The foolish king has had a great throne set up, where he sits and looks about."

"I suppose he is waiting for us to run away," said a soldier of Thebes, with a laugh. "In the meantime we will have our drills, and sharpen our swords."

So the armies waited for four days; but on the fifth morning another scout came running into the camp.

"At last the fish bites!" he cried. "They are coming, but only one company."

Then there was a rushing to arms. Men fell into line at Leonidas' command. The gates were opened, and they marched out. They formed in a deep mass before the wall, and there they waited.

Soon there was a glint of bronze. Then sounded horses' hoofs. Still the Greeks waited.

Leonidas stood in front of his Spartans. He was tall and straight, his head was high, his blue eyes

blazed. His brown arms, rough with big muscles, held ready shield and spears.

The hoof-beats and the shining armor came nearer. Now the Persians were in full view — thousands of men on running horses. Brilliant scarfs fluttered from their heads. Iron armor, like the scales of a fish, shone on their bodies. Wide scarlet trousers flapped in the wind. Every man leaned forward as he rode. At last they pulled their long bows and let fly their arrows. They yelled strange words as they came on like a whirlwind.

The Greeks waited until the Persians were crowded together in the narrow pass just in front of them. Then they opened their mouths and shouted their good war-cry, and blew their shrill trumpets. They swung their swords and ran into the crowd of Persians. Then was the noise of a great fight, — clashing of swords, whizzing of arrows, shouting of men.

Day after day the Greeks and Persians fought at the pass of Thermopylae. At last the Persians were victorious. Leonidas, with three hundred faithful followers. was killed.

The sea of Persians swept through the pass and down into southern Greece. Then there was a terrible war; but when it was over, and the Persians were finally driven out of the country, the Greeks said:

“ Our children’s children must know what happened at Thermopylae.”

So they raised a great mound where Leonidas and his soldiers had fallen, and they set up two columns. One was for all who fought on the first two days, and on it were carved these words:

“ Four thousand Greeks here fought against a million Persians.”

The other column was for the Spartans alone. On it were these words:

“ Stranger, go tell Sparta that we lie here at her command.”

But on the little hill where the Spartans made their last brave fight was another monument, a stone lion, with “ Leonidas ” carved upon it. So Sparta honors her heroes.

— *Jennie Hall.*

STAND BY THE FLAG

Stand by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
 Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,
 And shone responsive to the stony beaming
 Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
 To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
 And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
 Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow,
 By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
 Living, defended; dying, from their pillow
 With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag, all doubt and danger scorning!
 Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime.
 That it shall float until th' eternal morning
 Pales in its glories all the lights of Time.

— *John Nicholas Wilder.*

OUR AMERICAN FLAG

I — FLAGS OF ANCIENT TIMES

Flags have been used for thousands of years; but, with a few exceptions, the Stars and Stripes is the oldest flag adopted to represent a nation. That of Denmark, a red swallow-tailed flag with a white cross, which was adopted in the year 1219, is the oldest national standard in Europe.

As early as 1169, a red circle representing the sun was the emblem of the Emperor of Japan; but it was not until the year 1359 that the present flag was adopted for the country.

China, whose history reaches farthest back of any nation now in existence, did not announce a national flag to foreigners until 1862; but a flag which was triangular in shape, and which was made of deep yellow bunting, bearing a blue dragon with a green head snapping at a red ball, had been used by the Chinese for centuries.

Flags are frequently mentioned in the Bible, where they are called banners, standards, ensigns and colors.

In the first chapter of the Book of Numbers, which describes the taking of a census of the children of Israel fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, we read: "All the children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard."

These directions were given for the different tribes of Israel, showing that each of the twelve tribes had its own distinguishing flag. These flags were of different colors, and had different figures. On one was a man, on the others an eagle, a wolf, a ship, a sword.

The figures of beasts of the field, serpents, fishes of the sea, birds of the air, which were displayed on the flags of the Middle Ages, have nearly all disappeared.

Some of the royal banners of the Old World still bear complicated figures; but the simplicity of our own flag, with its red, white and blue, gives the Stars and Stripes its beauty.

II — FLAGS OF THE COLONIES

When Columbus discovered America he set up the standard of the king of Spain. Later, when settlements were made all along the Atlantic coast, the colonies were established under the flags of the different countries from which the settlers came.

The Mayflower crossed the broad Atlantic displaying St. George's Cross and the "colors" of the English king, called the "Union Jack."

Henry Hudson explored the river which bears his name in his little ship the "Half Moon," under the orange, white and blue flag of the Dutch East India Company; and in 1638, Swedish and Finnish colonists landed on the shore of the Delaware River under the Swedish national flag, — a yellow cross on a blue ground.

Many of the early settlers, especially those in New England, came from England, and as they were loyal subjects of the mother country, they used the English flag. But, during the ten years just before the Revo-

lutionary War, when the colonists began to demand freedom from the heavy yoke of England, liberty poles were set up and new flags were raised.

One of these flags was called the "pine-tree flag" because it carried a figure of a sturdy pine tree. The "rattlesnake flag" had a figure of a rattlesnake on a field of red and white stripes, with the words, "Don't tread on me."

Many of the flags bore the words "Liberty," or "An Appeal to Heaven." In South Carolina a flag was raised which showed a blue field with three white crescents.

In the earliest days of the Revolution each colony seems to have used a flag of its own, and these flags were used until a new flag was adopted to represent the new nation.

III — THE STARS AND STRIPES

The origin of the "Stars and Stripes" is not positively known. The first flag to be used by the United Colonies was called "The Grand Union Flag," and

had thirteen red and white stripes, representing the thirteen colonies, with a blue field in the corner on which were a red and white cross similar to those on the English " Union Jack."

Later the crosses were replaced by thirteen white stars arranged in a circle. This flag is often called the " Betsy Ross " flag, because it was said to have been first made by Mrs. Betsy Ross.

It was not until nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence that a national flag was chosen by Congress. On June 14, 1771, Congress adopted the following resolutions: —

" *Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The flag with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes was the national emblem until 1795. From that time until 1818 it had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

On July 4, 1818, President Monroe signed the following bill, which then became a law: —

“ An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States.”

“ Sect. 1. *Be it enacted*, That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

“ Sect. 2. *Be it further enacted*, That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.”

On the fourth of July, 1912, after the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, there were forty-eight white stars in the union, to represent the forty-eight states in the United States.

IV — FLAGS ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS

The first American flag ever floated at a school-house in this country was raised at a log schoolhouse at Colrain, Mass., in May, 1812.

A New York newspaper, in 1889, suggested having the American flag on all public schools and public

buildings every day. This was during the administration of President Harrison, who started the custom of daily flying the national flag from all Federal buildings in Washington.

Now our flag floats over the schoolhouses, and many of the public buildings, not only in all the States of the United States, but in our distant possessions, — Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines. In many places there is a law requiring its daily display.

— *Peleg D. Harrison.*

V — TRIBUTES TO THE FLAG

“Man never made and nature never produced anything more beautiful than the American flag.”

— *William Henry Haworth.*

“The starry banner speaks for itself. Its mute eloquence needs no aid to interpret its significance. Fidelity to the Union blazes from its stars, allegiance to the government beneath which we live is wrapped in its folds.”

— *Rev. Edward Everett Hale.*

“ The flag speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a blue field, proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together — bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky — make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.”

— *Charles Sumner.*

“ I have seen the glories of art and architecture, of mountain and river; but fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land.”

— *George F. Hoar.*

SALUTING THE FLAG

When boys and girls salute the flag, they do not merely express their pride that it is a flag honored over the world. They ought to remember that the flag represents the country to which they owe duties in every hour of their lives. All the time they are receiving blessings from that country, and all the time they have duties to that country.

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

SALUTES TO THE FLAG

“ I give my head, my heart, my hand, to my country, —
One nation, one language, one flag.”

“ I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic
for which it stands,
One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for
all.”

A SONG FOR THE FLAG

Here is my love to you, flag of the free, and flag of
the tried and true;

Here is my love to your streaming stripes and your
stars in a field of blue;

Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they
wave on high,

For you are the flag of a land for which 'twere sweet
for a man to die.

Green though the banner my fathers bore in the days
of their ancient wars,

Men of my race full many have died for the banner of
stripes and stars.

Bearing the green my fathers battled and bled in the
olden fray;

But you, O beautiful flag of the free, are the flag of
our hearts to-day.

So with the myriad races of men who, leaving the past
behind,

Give to the land of their manhood's choice allegiance
of heart and mind,

Laboring ever, with hand or brain, the nation they
 help to build,
 For you, O beautiful flag, are to them the sign of a
 hope fulfilled.

Native or foreign, we're all as one when cometh the
 day of strife.

What is the dearest gift we can give for the flag but
 a human life?

Native or foreign are all the same when the heart's
 blood reddens the earth,

And, native or foreign, 'tis love like this is the ulti-
 mate test of our worth.

Native or immigrant, here is the task to which we
 must summon our powers:

Ever unsullied to keep the flag in peace as in war's
 wild hours.

Selfishness, narrowness, graft, and greed, and the evil
 that hates the light, —

All these are foes of the flag to-day; all these we
 must face and fight.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire
to be free,

Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to
the western sea;

Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your
stripes may gleam,

To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater
deeds that we dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of
the tried and true;

Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your
stars in a field of blue;

Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over
which you fly,

And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it
were sweet to die.

— *Denis A. McCarthy.*

NOTES

The Tangled Skein is selected from "The Silver Crown," a book of modern fables by Laura E. Richards. "Child's Play" and "The Stars," are from "The Golden Windows," by the same author. Mrs. Richards is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and is the author of many delightful books, among those for children being "The Joyous Story of Toto," "Captain January," and "The Pig Brother."

Little Joe Otter's Slippery Slide is from "Old Mother West Wind," by Thornton W. Burgess. "Peter Rabbit Plays a Joke" is to be found in the same volume.

Why Violets Have Golden Hearts was written by Madge A. Bigham of Atlanta, Georgia. This and "The Persimmon Tree" are taken from the same book, — "Fanciful Flower Tales."

The Jumblies is from "Nonsense Books," by Edward Lear, an English author who wrote many nonsense rhymes and poems, among the best known of which are his limericks, his "Nonsense Botany," and "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

The Thunder Storm, April, and On the Shore are selected from a book of verses by Susan Coolidge, the pen-name of Sarah C. Woolsey (1845-1905), an American writer of stories for children, among the most popular of which are "Clover," and "The Katy Did Series."

Madam Mosquito is from "Grasshopper Green's Garden," simple stories of insect life by Julia A. Schwartz. "Five Baby Moles" is to be found in "Wilderness Babies," life-stories of familiar animals by the same author.

The Peterkins Practice Travelling. This amusing adventure of the Peterkin family is recounted by Lucretia P. Hale in "The

Last of the Peterkins," a book which has delighted thousands of readers. Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, and the little boys are familiar characters in fiction.

Helen Keller. This brief biography of Helen Keller was written by Mary Hazleton Wade, and, with the story of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, is to be found in "*The Wonder Workers*."

The Singing Insects is a chapter taken from "*Umé San in Japan*," the story of a year in the life of a little Japanese girl.

Cheery People and **Kicking Against Pricks** are selected from "*Bits of Talk*," by Helen Hunt Jackson. Mrs. Jackson, an American author, was born in Massachusetts in 1831, and died in California in 1885. She wrote several stories and poems for children. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California, and while engaged in this work she wrote her famous novel, "*Ramona*."

The Old Iron Kettle is a Swedish folk tale retold by John Harrington Cox in his collection of "*Folk Tales of East and West*."

The Walrus and the Carpenter is by Lewis Carroll, the pen-name of Charles L. Dodgson, an English clergyman and author (1832-1898). His two books, "*Alice Through the Looking-glass*," and "*Alice in Wonderland*," from which this poem was taken, are among the most delightful juvenile stories ever written.

The Candy Country is from "*Lulu's Library*," a book of short stories by Louisa M. Alcott, an American author (1832-1888). Miss Alcott wrote many delightful books for young people. The two selections, "*Christmas Morning*," and "*Dressing for the Party*," are taken from "*Little Women*," which is, without doubt, the most popular book for girls that was ever published. The story of Miss Alcott's childhood is told by Fanny E. Coe in "*Little Louisa Alcott*."

The Brook, **The Owl**, and **The Bugle Song** were written by Alfred Tennyson, a celebrated poet, who was born in 1809 and

died in 1892. He was poet-laureate under Queen Victoria, and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

An Indian Village. Francis Parkman, the greatest American historian (1823-1893), chose as his life-work the study of the Indian tribes and the early explorers and pioneers of the "New World." He wrote many valuable books on these subjects, among them being "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," from which this selection and "The Discovery of the Mississippi" are taken.

The Daffodils and **The Rainbow** were written by William Wordsworth (1770-1850). He preceded Tennyson as poet-laureate of England. He wrote many beautiful poems and sonnets in praise of Nature.

Old Ironsides was the popular name for the United States frigate "Constitution," which was built in Boston in 1797, and in the War of 1812 defeated the "Guerrière" in a famous battle. In 1830 the Secretary of the Navy suggested selling the old ship. This excited public indignation, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American poet and novelist (1809-1894), wrote this poem, which met with great favor and brought about the preservation of the ship.

Snowshoe Thompson. When gold was first discovered in California, thousands of men went out to the Pacific coast to seek their fortunes. Great were their privations, and many are the heroic tales of their suffering. This true story of Snowshoe Thompson, selected from "Heroes of California," by George Wharton James, relates how one man braved the winter storms among the Sierras to carry the mail, with its words of comfort and good cheer, to the lonely miners and settlers who were separated from their families and friends by the snow-clad mountains.

Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow. Robin Hood was a legendary English outlaw who lived with his merry men in Sherwood Forest. Though they robbed the rich they were kind to the poor. Many stories and ballads have been written about their

bold deeds and adventures. This version is retold by Eva March Tappan in "Robin Hood: His Book."

A Fable is by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most famous American essayist and philosopher (1803-1882). Mr. Emerson lived in Concord, Massachusetts, not far from the home of the Alcotts. This poem is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. It is given here because it is mentioned on page 234 in the story of "Little Louisa Alcott."

About Ben Adhem was written by Leigh Hunt, an English poet and author (1784-1859). This poem is especially valuable because it gives expression to the key-note of happiness in human life, found as a command in the Bible: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Song of Marion's Men. Francis Marion, born in South Carolina in 1732, died in 1795; was a general in the American Revolution. In 1780 he organized a troop of about seventy men, which was then the only force opposing the British in the state of South Carolina. He led this troop in many a successful skirmish.

Stories of Leonidas. This true story of the life of Leonidas is especially interesting because it shows how the boys of Sparta received their training more than two thousand years ago. The present organization of "Boy Scouts," which has become so popular in England and America, and which aims to teach boys patriotism and self-reliance, has many features in common with the ancient Spartan camps and schools.

Our American Flag. These brief selections are taken from "The Stars and Stripes," a history of the flag by Peleg D. Harrison. Our flag is our dearest possession. It represents our country, and all that our country means to us in freedom, in education, and in life. We should admire and reverence it.

A Song for the Flag. Denis A. McCarthy, who wrote this poem, was born in Ireland. In the second stanza, the line "Green though the banner my fathers bore," refers to the green flag of Ireland. This poem should prove an inspiration to young and old, native or foreign-born.

PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

THE words in this list are divided into syllables and marked according to Webster's International Dictionary. The list includes all the more difficult words which occur in the text.

ā	gāte	ê=ă	thêre	û	ûse	ou	out
ă	băt	e=ā	they	ũ	cũp	ow	cow
ä	cär			u	frũit	c	can
ą	ball	ī	pīne	û	fûr	ç	çent
â	câre	ı	pın	u	full	g	get
á	ask	ĩ	sĩr	ũ	ũ nite	ğ	gem
ą	what					s	so
ä	animal	ō	nōte	ȳ	mȳ	ş	aş
ă	senâte	õ	nõt	ÿ	citÿ	n	in_k
		o	do			th	think
ē	wē	o	wolf	ōō	bōōt	th	them
ě	gět	ó	són	ōō	fōōt		
ẽ	liêr	ô	ôl	oi	oil		
ê	ê vent	ô	ô bey	oy	boy		

The elided letters are printed in *italic*.

VOCABULARY

- á bắsh'**, put to shame; confuse.
á bôde', dwelling; residence.
Â bou' (bôo), father.
ăc cârd', agreement; consent.
ăc cûs'tomed (tumd), to be used to.
á do' (dôo), trouble; fuss.
á dôrn', decorate; beautify.
ăd vên'túr ous (űs), daring; enterprising.
Ăg á mêm'nôn, a name.
ăg'île, lively; nimble.
Ăl ăx ăn'drî á, a city in Egypt.
ăl lê'giance (juns), loyalty; devotion.
ăl'těr nâte, by turns; every other one.
á măzi', astonish; surprise.
ă'mî á ble, friendly; kindly.
Ăn ăx ăn'děr, a Greek name.
ăp'klăt, an ankle ring.
Ă'pôl'lô, the "sun god."
ăp pôint'ment, an assigned duty.
Ă rá mō'nî, the name of a river.
ărch'ěr, one skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.
ărchî tēc tũre (kî), style of building; construction.
Ărc tũ'rũs, a fixed star.
Ă'rēs, the Greek god of war.
ăr is tô crăt'ic, proud; haughty.
Ăr'tē mĩs, a Greek goddess.
Ă thē'nē, a Greek goddess.
ăt'las, a book containing maps.
ău'di ence (ens), an interview; a company of hearers.
ăught (ôt), anything; any part.
- ăv'á lănche**, a large mass of snow or earth sliding down swiftly.
ăỹ, yes.
- băde**, commanded; ordered.
bail (băl), handle.
băy'ô nêt, a pointed dagger fastened to the muzzle of a gun.
bě guile' (gĩl), amuse; entertain; deceive.
běl'frỹ, a bell-tower.
bě sēech', beg; implore.
bě stow' (stô), give; grant.
bě wĩl'děred, confused; puzzled.
bleak (blěk), dreary; desolate.
blithe'ly, cheerily; joyously.
bliz'zard (zěrd), a severe storm of wind and snow.
brăn'dish, flourish; wave.
brew (brũ), to boil; to cook; to plot.
brin'ỹ, salt.
bris'tly (slỹ), thick set with bristles; rough.
browse, feed on; graze.
Bũn'yạn, John, an English preacher and author (1628-1688).
bũr'dôck, a plant bearing small burs.
bũr'nish, to polish.
bũr'rôw, to dig a hole.
- căc'tũs**, a plant usually bearing thorns.
Cal ais (căl'ă), a town in France.
căl'cũ lâte, reckon; count.

căr'gō, load; freight.
 căt'á ráct, a large waterfall.
 cāv'ěr̃n, a large cave.
 çê lēs'tial (chal), heavenly.
 çên'sūs, a numbering of the people.
 chāl'ice, a cup.
 chîmes, a set of musical bells.
 chi'tôn (kî), a kind of shirt.
 chrys ân'thê mùm (krîs), a flower.
 clâm'or ous (ēr ūs), noisy; calling loudly.
 Clê ô pá'tra, queen of Egypt (B. C. 69-30).
 cli'măx, highest point.
 coax (kōx), tease; persuade.
 cō logne' (lōn), a perfumed toilet-water.
 com'fit (kūm), a sweetmeat; candy.
 cōm'mēnt, make remarks.
 cōm mō'tion (shūn), disturbance; excitement.
 cōm păn'ion shîp (yūn), fellowship.
 cōm păr'î son, the act of comparing.
 com'pass (kūm), an instrument for finding direction.
 cōm'pli căt'éd, complex; difficult.
 cōn ceal' (sēl), hide.
 cōn sōl'ing, comforting; cheering.
 cōn stēl lă'tion (shūn), a group of fixed stars.
 cōn tîn'ú ous (ūs), unceasing; unbroken.
 cōn tōrt'éd, twisted.
 cōn vên'ient lý (yēnt), suitably; handily.
 cōōt, a water bird.
 coun'sél, advice.
 cour a geous (kūr ā'jūs), brave; bold.
 cour'tē sỹ (kūr), politeness.
 cri'sis, a turning-point.
 crỹs'tal, a kind of glass; clear as glass.

çy'prēss, a cone-bearing, evergreen tree.

Dă'mon, a Greek name.
 daunt'éd (dănt), disheartened; dismayed.
 dē fōrm'î tỹ, disfigurement.
 dē lib'ēr âte, determined.
 dē li'cious (lîsh ūs), delightful.
 Dē mē'tēr, the Greek goddess of useful fruits.
 dē mūr', to hesitate; object.
 dē pärt', to go away.
 dē șērt'ēr, one who goes without leave.
 dē vîge', to plan; invent.
 dē vour', to destroy; consume.
 Di ô nỹ'sūs, the Greek god of wine.
 disc, a flat, round plate.
 dis con tēt'éd, dissatisfied.
 diș'mal, cheerless; dreary.
 dis tîn'guishēd (gwisht), famous; celebrated.
 dis trăct'éd, agitated; harassed.
 dis trib'ûte, to assign; give; deal out.
 Dôn'căs tēr, a borough in England.
 dost (dūst), a form of the verb "do."
 doth (dūth), a form of the verb "do."
 dōze, a light sleep.
 dră măt'ic, theatrical.
 drowșe, doze.
 dūn, dull brown.
 dūn'geon (jun), a dark prison-cell.
 dūsk, dark twilight.
 dỹs pēp'sî ā, indigestion.

E gypt (ē'jîpt), a country of northern Africa.
 ei der (î'dēr), a large sea duck.
 êm bărk', to go on board.

- Ėm'ēr son, Ralph Waldo, an American poet and philosopher (1803-1882).
- ė mēr'ėn çy, a crisis; necessity.
- ė mō'tion (shŭn), feeling.
- ėn āct', make into a law.
- ėn dān'gēr, to bring into danger.
- ėn'sign (sīn), a flag; banner.
- ės cōrt'ėd, conducted; accompanied.
- ės pe'cial lỹ (pěsh al), chiefly.
- ės pīed', caught sight of.
- Es'kī mō, a race of people living in the Arctic regions.
- ē tēr'nal, everlasting.
- ex er tion (ėg zŭr shŭn), endeavor; effort.
- ėx pect'ant, waiting; hoping.
- ėx pē dīt'ion (shŭn), a journey.
- ėx pēr'i mēnt, a trial; test.
- ėx'qui site (kwī), choice; rare.
- ėx trāv'ā gançe, wasteful spending.
- fāl'lōw, plowed land.
- fān tās'tic, queer; grotesque.
- fėd'ēr al, belonging to the national government.
- fī dēl'ī tỹ, faithfulness.
- fōr lōrn'lỹ, sadly; hopelessly.
- Frau lein (froī'lin), the German word for "Miss."
- frī'ar (ēr), a monk.
- frīz'le, a crisp curl.
- gāl'lōnt, noble; chivalrous.
- gėl'ā tīne, a substance used in making jelly.
- gēn'ius (yŭs), talent.
- Gī bral'tar Rōck, a kind of hard candy.
- gī gān'tic, enormous.
- glīm'mēr ing, twinkling.
- grā'cious nēss (shŭs), kindness; friendliness.
- grād'ū al, step by step.
- grān'ā rỹ, a storehouse for grain.
- Grēn'fēll, Wilfred, an English doctor and philanthropist.
- grāy'līng, a kind of fish.
- grieve (grēv), to sorrow; mourn.
- gỹm nā'shĩ ūm, a place for gymnastic exercises.
- haunt (hānt), an abode; resort.
- hāv'oc, destruction.
- Hē phaes'tŭs (fēs), the Greek god of fire.
- Hē'rā, a Greek goddess.
- Hēr'ā clēs, a Greek god.
- hēr'it āge, inheritance.
- Hēr'mēs, the messenger of the Greek gods.
- hē rō'ic, brave; daring.
- hĩ māt'ĩ ōn, a loose outer garment worn by the Greeks.
- hōr ĩ zōn'tal, on a level; flat.
- hōr'ri fied, terrified; frightened.
- hōs pī tāl'ī tỹ, a kindly reception of guests.
- hōs'tile, warlike.
- hŭlk, the body of a ship.
- hŭ mīl ĩ ā'tion (shŭn), shame; disgrace.
- hŭm'mock, a knoll; hillock.
- hỹ'drant, a discharge pipe for a water-main.
- īm'mī grant, one who comes to live in a foreign country.
- īm mōr'tal, everlasting; undying.
- īm pā'tient (shēnt), uneasy; fretful.
- īm'prēss, stamp; characteristic.

in dūs'tri ous (ūs), busy; hard-work-
ing.

in fōrm', to tell; teach.

in i tial (in ish'al), the first letter of a
name.

in sist', to urge; press.

in strūc'tion (shūn), teaching.

in viſ' i ble, cannot be seen.

Ī'ōn, a Greek name.

Ī'rén, captain.

Īr ō quois' (kwōi), a tribe of Indians.

Jacques (zhāk), a name.

jeal ous (jēl'ūs), envious.

Jēs' ū it, one of a religious order.

jif'fŷ, a moment; instant.

jōc'und, joyful; merry.

Jō'li ət, a French explorer (1645-
1700).

Kick á pō', a tribe of Indians.

kī rī g'ŷrī sū, a Japanese insect.

kō māt'ik, an Eskimo sledge.

kō tow', to kneel and bow.

Lāb rá dōr', a region of north-eastern
British America.

lānd'scāpe, a general view of land.

lān'gwid (gwid), drooping; weak.

Lá Sālle', a French explorer (1643-
1687).

lāve, to bathe; wash.

league (lēg), a measure of distance,
about three miles.

lēē, the direction toward which the
wind blows.

lei sure (lē'zhūr), freedom.

Lē ōn'ī dās, a heroic king of Sparta
(B. C. 480).

lōft'ī lý, proudly.

lōz'enge (ēnj), a small candy.

lūll, to sing to sleep; soothe.

lus cious (lūsh'ūs), delicious.

Lŷ cūr'gūs, a Spartan lawgiver.

lyre (lir), a stringed instrument.

Lŷ sán'dēr, a Spartan general (B. C.
395).

māl'lōw, a plant.

Māl'tá, an island in the Mediter-
ranean Sea.

mām'moth, huge; very large.

mān'ī tō, an Indian spirit.

mār'gin, border; brink.

mār'ī nēr, a sailor.

mārķ, a German coin worth about
twenty-four cents.

Mār quette' (kēt), a French explorer
(1637-1675).

Mār seilles' (sālz), a city of France.

Mās cou'tin (kōō), a tribe of Indians.

māy hāp', perhaps.

mēd'dle, interfere with.

mēm'ō rá ble, worth remembering.

Mē nōm'ō nie (nē), a tribe of Indians.

mēn'tion (shūn), to name; refer to.

mē'tē ōr, a shooting star.

Mī ā'mī, a tribe of Indians.

Mīch ī lī māk'ī nāc, a town on Lake
Michigan.

Mī lān', a city in northern Italy.

mīlch, a cow that gives milk.

mīl'dew (dū), mold.

mīm'ic, imitation.

mī nūte', very small; tiny.

moat (mōt), a ditch; a trench.

mō rāss', a marsh; swamp.

mōr'ti fied, ashamed.

mūr'mur ous (ūs), low and indistinct.

mūte, dumb.

mŷr'ī ad, a very great number.

năn kēēn', a kind of cotton cloth.
naught (nôt), nothing.
năv'í gâte, sail.
něg léc't', to disregard; slight.
Nôr wē'gian (jan), coming from Norway.
nú'mēr ous (ús), a great number.

ôp pō'nent, adversary.
ôr'dí nă rỹ, common; usual.
out'law, a person roving and committing acts of violence.
ô vā'tion (shŭn), enthusiastic tribute.

pärch'ment, skin prepared to be written on.

pär'tí cle, a small piece; an atom.
pēē'vish lý, fretfully.
pēn'sion ěr (shŭn), one who receives a pension.

pen in'sŭ lá, a neck of land jutting out into the water.

pēn'sive, dreamy.
pēr cēp'tion (shŭn), idea; intuition.
pēr pēt'ŭ al, unceasing.

pēr plēx'í tỹ, doubt.
pēr sīm'mon, a fruit-bearing tree.
pēr síst'ent, unceasing.

pēr suāde', induce; urge.
pēr vāde', fill full.
pet'ŭ lant lý, crossly; fretfully.
Phoe bus (fē'bŭs), the sun god.

pí'ous (ŭs), religious.

plain'ēth (plān), complains.
Plē'ia dēš (ă), a group of six stars.

pôr'tāge, a place where boats are carried overland between rivers or lakes.

Pô sei'don (sī), the Greek god of the sea.

prai rie (prā'ri), a large level tract of grassland.

prē tēnd', to make believe.
prēt'zel (sel), a salted, ring-shaped biscuit.

prôb'á blỹ, very likely.
prô clāim', make known.
prôc lá mǎ'tion (shŭn), announcement.

prô môte', advance in station.
prôv'ērb, an old saying.
prowl', to rove; creep stealthily.

pŭnc'tŭ al, prompt.
pŭr suit' (sŭt), chase; occupation.
pŭr'á midš, large stone monuments in Egypt.

quiv er (kwiv'ēr), to tremble; shake
quote (kwôt), to repeat.
quoth (kwôth), said.

răck'ēt, a noise; din.
rē ceipt' (sēt), a rule for cooking.
rēc'í pē, a rule for cooking.
rē frēsh'ment, food.

rēf'ŭge, shelter.
rē prove' (prōv), to chide; rebuke.
rēs'in-wēed, a plant.

rēs'ô lŭte, determined; firm.
rē spôn'sive, answering; replying.
rē tire', to go to bed; depart.

rē tōrt', to reply quickly.
rēv'el, to take delight in.
rēv'ēr ent, very respectful
Rhô dô'ră, a plant.

rhyth'mic (rith), having rhythm or meter.
rĩ díc'ŭ lous (lŭs), absurd; comical.
rô bŭst', strong; sturdy.

roun'dē lăy, a kind of song or poem.
rouť'ēd, defeated; repulsed.

rũm'māge, hunt; search.

rus tle (rus'tl), low, murmuring sound.

Sắc chá rĩs'sá, sugar.

Sắc rá mền'tô, a river in California.

sảl vấ'tion (shũn), deliverance.

sấp'ling, a young tree.

sảr cấ'tic, taunting.

sảs'sá frấs, a tree, from the bark of which a flavoring is made.

sả sế' (sả), a Japanese word.

sả'vour (vêr), an odor; flavor.

scảrce'ly, barely; hardly.

scỏrn, to despise.

scỏwl, frown.

sẻ lẻct', to choose.

sẻn, a Japanese coin worth one-half of a cent.

sẻn'sỉ ble, having common sense.

sẻn'sỉ tive, having acute feeling.

sẻre, dry.

sẻr'mon, a religious address.

Shả wấ'nỏe, a tribe of Indians.

shẻ'ỉff, the chief officer of a shire or county.

shrive'l, to wrinkle.

Siẻ'rả Nẻ vấ'dá, a mountain range in California.

sieve (sỉv), a utensil for sifting.

sỉg'ní fỷ, to stand for; imply.

sỉm pỉl'ỉ tỷ, plainness.

sỉn'ew, musele.

skein (skỏn), a quantity of yarn, silk or cotton taken from a reel.

skis (skẻs), long strips of hard wood, worn like snowshoes.

slough (slỏw), a deep bog.

smoul'dẻr (smỏl), to smoke.

snỏỏd, a fillet for the hair.

sỏl'ỉ tủde, being alone.

spỏn tấ'nẻ ous (ủs), voluntary.

stắf, a pole or stick.

stắg'ngnt, motionless.

stủr'dỷ, firm; strong.

sủb lime', lofty; noble.

sủlk'ỉ lỷ, unwillingly; sullenly.

sủl'trỷ, very hot and moist.

sủr'geon (jủn), one who performs operations to cure disease.

sủ zủ mủsh'ỉ, a Japanese insect.

swỏỏp, to pounce; to sweep down upon.

sỷl'lả ble, a division of a word.

sỷm'bỏl, an emblem.

sỷm'pả thỉze, to feel sympathy.

tắt tỏỏ', to prick figures on the skin.

Tei (tấ), a Japanese name.

tẻs'tỉ mỏ nỷ, proof; evidence.

tẻxt, the subject of a sermon.

thatched (thắcht), covered with straw or reeds.

Thebes (thẻbz), a ruined city of Egypt.

Thẻs'pỉ ae (ẻ), a town of ancient Greece.

Thẻrmỏp'ỷ lae (lẻ), a famous pass in Greece.

Thỏ'reau (rỏ), an American author (1817-1862).

thỏrp, a village.

trắv'ẻse, to cross.

Tsu zủ re (sỏỏ zỏỏ rả'), a Japanese word.

ủl'ỉ mỏte, final.

U mẻ (ủ mả'), a Japanese name, meaning "Plum Blossom."

ủn sủl'ỉed, unstained.

ủt'tẻi, to speak; pronounce.

vāle, a valley.

vāl'or (ēr), bravery; courage.

vān'ished (isht), disappeared.

vān'ĩ tỹ, pride.

vān'quish, to overcome; conquer.

vēn'ĩ son, the meat of deer.

vēr mīl'ion (yūn), red.

vēx ā'tion (shūn), disturbance; annoyance.

vict uals (vīt'ʹlz), food.

Vĩ ěn'ná, the capital of Austria.

vól'ley (ĩ), a discharge or flight of missiles, as bullets or arrows.

wain (wān), a wagon.

wā'l'rus, a sea animal.

wār'rior (yēr), a soldier.

whith'ēr (hwith), to what place.

whole some (hōl'sum), healthy.

Wĩn nē bā'gō, a lake in Wisconsin.

wor'rĩ ment (wūr), trouble.

yōn, yonder; beyond.

yūc'cá, a plant with thorny leaves.

Yū'kĩ, a Japanese name.

Zeus (zūs), the father of the gods.

